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Established June, 1783, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

TO DECLINE POSTMASTERSHIP

Mr. James W. Thompson, who was tendered the appointment as Postmaster of Newport, has declined to accept the office, because of other plans that have developed. Just who will now be named is decidedly uncertain.

Congressman Burdick recommended the appointment of Mr. Thompson, after considering the matter for some time. There were three men who had passed the necessary civil service examination—Mr. Thompson, Mr. Thatcher T. Bowler and former Postmaster Robert S. Burlingame. When Mr. Thompson was named it was supposed that the matter was settled.

After giving the matter serious consideration, Mr. Thompson has concluded that other developments will make it inadvisable for him to accept. The office of Postmaster is not certain for more than one four-year term, because of a possible change in political power, and for that reason cannot be considered as an opportunity with a future.

As matters stand now, the only men eligible for appointment are Mr. Bowler and Mr. Burlingame. There are rumors, however, to the effect that another examination may be called. On the other hand, it is possible that Mr. Burdick may recommend one of these two gentlemen for the office, either of them being well qualified.

MOTORMAN SHOT

Motorman John Martin of the Newport Street Railway, was struck in the arm by a bullet while taking his car down Bath Road hill about noon Wednesday. Although he felt a sudden pain he did not know that he had been shot until he discovered the blood upon his arm. He was taken to the Newport Hospital, where it was found that a bullet from a small rifle had penetrated the fleshy part of his arm, but no serious results were anticipated.

The police were notified and began a search of the vicinity. They found a boy from Fall River, giving his name as William Pelletier, who was equipped with a small rifle and plenty of ammunition. He said that there were three boys in the party, who had been hanging around the Beach for several days. The shooting gallery at the Beach had been broken into and rifles and ammunition stolen. The other boys had apparently started for home, as they were not to be found in Newport.

Three military prisoners at Fort Adams made their escape from the guard on Tuesday afternoon and made their way into Newport. A pursuit party was quickly organized at the Fort and the city was soon covered by officers and men of the regular army as completely as the number available for duty would permit. One detail proceeded directly to the One Mile Corner and there found the men waiting to take a Fall River trolley car. They were quickly hustled back to the Fort and locked up to await trial by court martial.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Slocum will start for California early next month, making the trip by automobile. They expect to make their future home in the West.

Mr. Harold Arnold has returned from Canada, where he spent his vacation and is on duty at the office of the board of canvassers and registration.

BROADWAY PAVEMENT

The board of aldermen had another struggle with the Broadway pavement proposition on Tuesday evening, and there was still a difference of opinion as to what should be done. There was one encouraging feature to the situation, however, in that the representatives of the two street railway companies that occupy the street nounced themselves in practical readiness to start work when required. Some time ago there was an indication that the railway companies might delay the beginning of the work by the contractor.

Bids for the construction work had been tabulated, and it was found that the Hassam Construction Company was the lowest bidder, being about \$4,000 under the Hudson Construction Company. Representatives of both concerns were present and expressed themselves in readiness to take over the contract. City Engineer Easton thought it would be well to postpone the work until spring in order to give the ditches a chance to settle naturally, but the bidders thought that heavy rolling would take care of that. Mr. Easton then held out for slabs over the ditches if the work is to be done at once.

Mr. F. F. Nolan, representing the Simpson Brothers Company, said that he believed that 90 per cent. of the people of Newport wanted a granite block pavement. He urged that the street be put in passable condition for the winter, and that before next year the proper steps be taken in the Legislature and in the representative council to permit the installation of this form of paving.

Alderman Kirby moved that the contract be awarded to the lowest bidder, but several other members wanted further time to consider the matter, and it was finally postponed until Thursday.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, it was decided to postpone all pavement construction on Broadway until next spring. This action was taken for several reasons. In the first place, City Engineer Easton believed that the foundation would be insecure until the various trenches had had full opportunity to settle. In the second place, there is considerable difference of opinion as to what form of pavement is the best—concrete or granite block. And in the third place, the season will be so far advanced before work can be started that it seemed undesirable to award a contract for work this fall.

The committee on Broadway pavement made the recommendation that the work be postponed and there was no objection. As soon as the public service companies finish their digging, the roadway will be scarified and put into passable condition for the winter months, and then in the spring the construction work will be pushed through as fast as possible. The two trolley companies have considerable work to do yet in re-laying their rails and there was no indication that they would be ready to start inside of two weeks.

The various bidders were represented at the meeting but none of them seemed to object to the postponement.

STEAMER PLYMOUTH DISABLED

Passengers on the Fall River Line steamer Plymouth, which left New York for Fall River last Tuesday afternoon, experienced a wild and exciting night. A heavy storm prevailed, accompanied by a high wind and considerable rain. When about forty miles from New London, the steamer met with an accident to her main shaft, and lay helpless in the heavy sea.

Wireless calls for help were sent out, but it was some time before relief came, and in the meantime the passengers were getting rather uneasy. Finally, the steamer Chester W. Chapin came along and attached hawsers to the Plymouth to tow her into harbor. Several hawsers were broken. Then, in maneuvering to get another line aboard, the Chapin crashed into the side of the Plymouth, causing considerable consternation on board. The damage done was superficial, however, and seemed to indicate the end of her troubles, for the Plymouth was finally taken into New London, where the passengers were transferred to special trains for the East.

When news of the accident to the Plymouth reached Newport, a repair crew was quickly organized at the local shops and hurried over to New London, in order to get her back on the line as quickly as possible. But it will apparently be some time before she is back on the line.

GROTTO IN BRIDGEPORT

A large number of members of Kolah Grotto left Newport Friday morning on their way to Bridgeport, Conn., to attend the annual outing and field day of the New England Grotto Association. Because of recent losses in membership, due to the curtailment at the Torpedo Station, the Grotto was unable to accompany the Grotto, although many members of the Band went in other units. The Bugle and Drum Corps will furnish music for Kolah in the big parade on Saturday, and in spite of the handicap by loss of the Band, the local men are hoping to secure one of the prizes for best appearing Grotto in line.

Saturday afternoon the field day events will be held, including the competition for the handsome silver cup which Kolah brought home from Worcester last year and which will become the property of the Patrol winning it three times. Kolah will enter the competition and will endeavor to retain its grasp on the cup.

Friday evening will be devoted to a ceremonial and entertainment, and Saturday evening will see a grand Mardi Gras on the streets of Bridgeport. Being so near New York, many of the Grotto members from that section will be in attendance, including Long I. Grotto of Brooklyn, one of the largest and best known in the whole country.

Newport's delegation will probably remain in Bridgeport until Sunday morning and will then come home over the road, the trip being made by automobiles.

NEWPORT IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

At the annual meeting of the Newport Improvement Association held on Monday at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society, Mr. Marion Eppley declined a re-election to the office of president and it was decided not to choose his successor for the present. John Thompson Spencer, Henry Barton Jacobs and Lawrence Lewis Gillespie were elected vice-presidents; Peter King, treasurer; Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, secretary, and Dr. Horace P. Beck, chairman of the executive committee. The members of the executive committee comprise George Henry Warren, Mrs. Paul FitzSimons, Dr. Richard W. Mattison, Miss Ellen F. Mason, T. I. H. Powell, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, Arthur Curtiss James, Miss Rosa Anne Grosvenor, and John duFais.

There was an interesting discussion as to the Almy Pond situation, where it was stated that the sewage emptying into the pond makes an excellent breeding place for mosquitoes. Several possible solutions were offered and the matter was continued for further consideration.

FIRE IN JAMESTOWN

A fire in a large pile of soft coal on the Ferry Company dock at Jamestown caused the town's fire department a great deal of hard work Thursday morning. The fire was discovered when Ferry Company employees came to work, and the department was at once summoned. Although a large amount of water was pumped on to the coal, the streams proved ineffective, and finally a gang of men were set to work with shovels to turn the coal over. In the meantime the firemen kept the water playing on the coal and on the woodwork, to prevent the outbreak of flames. Considerable of the wooden dock beneath the pile of coal was burned away before the fire was discovered.

It is expected that the loss to the Ferry Company, who owned the coal, will be considerable, to say nothing of the cost of handling it.

NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the quarterly meeting of the Newport Historical Society on Monday afternoon, Dr. Terry, the President, turned over to the Society the deed for the Revolutionary forts, Butts Hill and Fort Barton, and was given an unanimous vote of thanks and appreciation. The only restriction in the deed is that the forts shall be forever preserved to the people and shall be known by their respective names. If the Society finds itself unable to maintain them, then they are to be turned over to the State of Rhode Island for preservation. At the same meeting an interesting paper on "The Two Hannans" (Hannah Redwood and Hannah Redmond) was read by Mrs. Harrison S. Morris.

THE BATTLE OF RHODE ISLAND

93 Rhode Island Ave.,
Newport, R. I.,
August 21st, 1923.
To the Editor of the Newport Mercury:

Dear Sir:—
On Wednesday, August the 29th, the State of Rhode Island will celebrate the one hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island, an anniversary marked this year with peculiar significance and ceremonial, the occasion being the dedication of the large fortifications on Butts Hill at the northern end of the Island, dating from Revolutionary times, and the bestowal of this historic site through the munificence of the Rev. Dr. Terry, the honored President of the Newport Historical Society, as a gift to the Society. These fortifications, as already stated, were erected by the British in the spring of 1777, cover a space of about 700 feet in length, and varying from 200 to 300 feet in width, and remain precisely as they were left by their builders, except that they are covered by a growth, and in the ditch surrounding these fortifications, many small shrubs and trees have grown. This fort comes into prominence in history as having been the base and centre of the American forces in the Battle of Rhode Island, which was fought immediately in front of it in the valley lying between Butts Hill and Quaker Hill.

On this memorable day, addresses will be delivered by distinguished guests, a sham battle enacted, under the charge of Colonel Doores of Fort Adams, with the cooperation of Captain Evans of the Training Station, representing the action between the American and British troops, one hundred and forty-five years ago, (an admirable view of which may be obtained from the commanding ramparts); and as a fitting close to this historic celebration, the Rhode Island Society Sons of the Revolution will hold a banquet that same evening, when they will have as their guests a number of the participants in the ceremonies, of what it is hoped will prove to be a most notable event.

In view of the celebration of this anniversary, it will not be out of place here, to recall the fact that the late Mr. John Austin Stevens, of New York and Newport, "the noted historian of the Colonial and American Revolution," in an address entitled "Newport in the Revolutionary Period" 1776-1778, delivered by him in Newport in the spring of 1897, gives an accurate and most interesting account of the Battle of Rhode Island, and events leading up to it, in the chapters describing the British Occupation. Mr. Stevens was deeply interested in Rhode Island's history, and it is recorded of him that "his contributions on this subject form some of the most brilliant and valuable papers extant on the history of the colony and state." A summary of my father's account of the Battle of Rhode Island may prove of interest to your readers.

The Battle of Rhode Island

August 29, 1778

Mr. Stevens writes: "Washington chafed at the undisturbed occupation of Rhode Island. He believed that the extent of the British and Hessian force was greatly exaggerated, that their numbers were too small to make any attempt on the mainland, and that after a comfortable winter they would join Lord Howe's main body in the Jerseys. But it was not until after the defeat of Burgoyne at Stillwater, the first of the Saratoga battles, that the New England States, whose militia had flocked to the support of Gates, felt able to attempt the relief of Rhode Island. The failure of the King's plan to divide and conquer the line of the Hudson, relieved them of anxiety as to their own frontier. Only in Rhode Island had the British any foothold. The British force on the Island on Oct. 4, 1777, was four thousand men. At the news of the gathering of American troops in the neighborhood, General Pigot ordered all the inhabitants to the works, and formed them into a regiment under the name of the Newport Loyal Association. Nominally, for the purpose of preserving the internal peace and the security of the town; terms which would show that the General had little confidence in the loyalty of the inhabitants. A considerable number, refusing to serve, were sent on board the Sandwich Prison Ship in the Harbor, where they remained for six weeks. Their names include many of those now well known. The American force under General Spencer reached nine thousand men and a large flotilla of boats was in readiness at Tiverton, but bad weather interfered with the projected attack and the militia became discouraged. In ten days the force fell off to five thousand men, and the expedition was necessarily abandoned. Fortunately the news of

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MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

At the session of the probate court held at the town hall on August 20, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Arnold James—An inventory amounting to \$400.42 was presented by Ezra S. James, executor, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Lewis L. Conley—An inventory amounting to \$1,254.70 was presented by Pascal M. Conley, administrator, received and passed for record.

Estate of Anne A. Chase—An inventory amounting to \$8,144.23 was returned by Arthur W. Chase, administrator, allowed and ordered on record.

Estate of William Duncan Betty and James Elmer Betty, minors—Jas. A. Betty was appointed guardian and directed to give bond in the sum of \$500.00, with William J. Betty of Newport as surety.

Nathaniel L. Champlin was appointed Appraiser.

Estate of Theodore Sherman—Pellissippi William J. Peckham administrator of Roger Sherman and others to be referred to the third Monday in September with an order of notice.

Estate of Anna L. Lothrop—Petition of Everett H. Waldron to be appointed Administrator of the estate in Rhode Island, was referred to the third Monday in September, with an order of notice.

Estate of Maria F. Andrews—The petition of Paul A. Andrews for an order to issue to Walter S. Andrews, Executor, to render an inventory of said estate and an account of his doings as Executor, was before the Court for a hearing. Max Levy appeared for petitioner, and argued that the Probate Court still had jurisdiction over the estate and could properly issue a citation. The record showed that originally the Executors gave bond to pay debts and legacies and were exempt from returning any inventory or rendering any account. In the absence of any bond requiring an inventory and account, the Court held that it had no authority to request an accounting and dismissed the petition.

In Town Council the petition of Samuel Meierovitz for a license to peddle soda and ice cream was refused.

There was considerable discussion relative to the financial condition of the town. There had been unusually large drafts made on the treasury since June 1, 1923, by orders made by the town council, aggregating upwards of \$9,000.00. But a small amount had been received from overdue taxes, and with other necessary expenses had operated to reduce the available cash to less than \$300.00, and the limit to negotiate loans as authorized at the last Financial Town Meeting had been nearly reached; only \$2,000 more could be hired under the vote then passed. Mr. Henry C. Sherman, the president of the Council, commented at length on the situation and expressed a desire that the other members of the Council should be fully informed in regard to the finances of the town. He had waited on the town treasurer and collector of taxes and declared to them the imperative necessity of resorting to legal measures for the collection of the unpaid taxes of 1921 and 1922. The Council adjourned, to meet as a Board of Canvassers on Tuesday, September 4, to make up the voting lists for the current political year.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: Joseph A. Peckham, John H. Spooner and others, for constructing new road bed on Wyatt Road, 1901.81; the Barrett Company, for 7260 gals. Tarvia, 1,016.40; for 2321 gals. Tarvia, 324.94; Chester B. Brown, for work on highways in Road Dist. No. 3, 776.75; John H. Spooner, for carting gravel on Brown's Lane, 19.75; Broadway Hardware Company, for chain and 4 buckets, \$2.08; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at town hall, \$2.00; Louise H. Stewart, for assistance in town clerk's office, \$50; Marguerite E. Eddy, for examining cultures, \$4; New England Tel. & Tel. Co., for use of three telephones, \$8.01; Charles Peckham, for making deeds of burial lots and setting bound stones, \$13; Robert M. Wetherell, for labor in Middletown cemetery, \$148; T. B. Dawley, for painting sheds and town house, \$130; Thomas G. Ward, for services as town sergeant, \$10.50; as Janitor at town hall, \$5.50; Stephen P. Cabot, for salary of Public Health Nurse, \$200; Total, \$3,612.74.

Epworth League Union Service Held

The Senior and Intermediate Epworth Leagues of Newport, Middletown and Portsmouth Methodist Episcopal churches met at Bethshan-in-the-Woods on Sunday evening for a union service. About 50 members were present, the largest number being from the Portsmouth church. The meeting was in charge of Miss Alice R. Pearson, who is president of the League of St. Paul's Church of Newport. A similar meeting has been arranged for next Sunday evening, and will be held at Bliss Camp on Eastern Point.

Miss George Folsley of Mort Carl, Ill., guest of Mrs. Thomas Molden on Third Park Road. Mrs. Folsley is a niece of Mrs. Molden.

Miss Charlotte Chase was recently given a surprise party by the P. M. Club at the home of Mrs. Robert C.

Bachelor in Newport. Whist was played and prizes were awarded. Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber and their daughters Carolyn and Ruth, who have been visiting in North Dana, have returned to their home. Their son, Mr. Hall Webber, who has been visiting in Salem, has also returned home.

Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham and daughter Priscilla, of Wakefield, are visiting Mr. Peckham's sister at "Seven Pines."

Miss Edna Randall of New York has been guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Knoll.

The chairman and committee of the Aquidneck Grange Bazaar met at the town hall on Monday evening to perfect plans and arrangements. About 20 people were present at this meeting.

Mrs. Augustus Perry and son Ralph of Brooklyn have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Dennis.

Mrs. Justitia Sylvia has been visiting her brother, Rev. Francis Martin in Gloucester.

Plans are being made for a chicken salad supper to be given by the Holy Cross Guild on August 30. Mrs. Harold Chase and Mrs. Willard Chase will be in charge of the supper.

Mrs. G. Alvin Simmons recently gave a party for her daughter Barbara, in honor of her eleventh birthday. Eighteen girls were present and enjoyed games and dancing. A supper was served.

The Aquidneck Grange recently observed Children's day at the town hall, which was well attended. The program was opened with community singing, led by the Worthy Master, Lewis B. Plumer, which was followed by moving pictures. Ice cream and cake were served, after which dancing was enjoyed. No regular Grange meeting was held.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward and their children, of Wollaston, Mass., are spending their vacation on Paradise avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Ward were formerly residents of this town.

Mr. D. Raymond Peckham has returned to his home in Springfield, Mass., after spending a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer A. Peckham.

A large army plane ran out of gasoline last Friday and landed in a meadow on the farm of Mr. Henry I. Chase. The aviators went to the Wampanoag Club for luncheon while gasoline was being brought from Melville Coaling Station. The plane continued on its journey about 3.30 p. m. A large number of people gathered around to observe the machine at close range.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Early Blick of Washington, D. C., are spending three weeks' vacation with Mrs. Blick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving A. Corey. Miss Eva Corey, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Corey, has returned to New Bedford, Mass., where she is in training at St. Luke's Hospital.

The Newport County Farm Bureau held an all day trip on Wednesday for the purpose of inspecting various places of interest to them. They visited the poultry farm of Mr. Duffield in Tiverton, the certified seed potato field of William A. Peckham and Alton E. Barker's poultry farm. Luncheon was served at the farm of Roy E. Beattie, after which the party visited Hathaway's peach orchard in Portsmouth, the alfalfa field of Isaac L. Fish, the extensive market garden of William P. Macomber and the cattle farm of Alonzo E. Borden.

KILLED BY WATERING CART

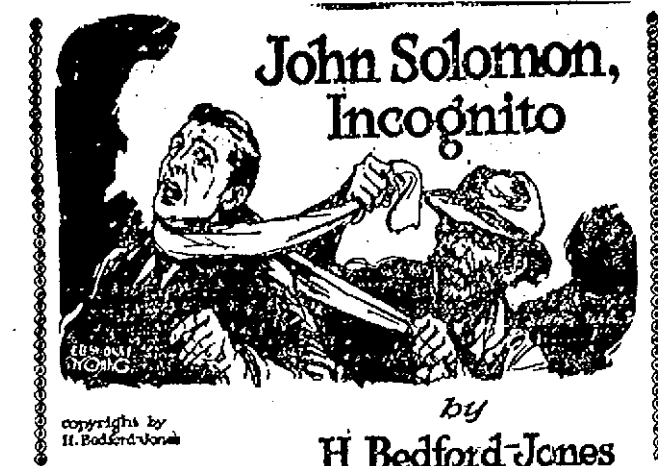
There was a fatal accident on lower Thames street early Thursday morning. Thomas McHugh being run over and instantly killed by the big automobile watering cart driven by George Sullivan. The victim of the accident was well known in Newport, having been employed for many years on the estate of Mr. George Henry Warren, and being head gardener at the time of his death. He is survived by a widow, who is completely prostrated by the shock of his sudden death.

McHugh was riding his bicycle down Thames street and the city cart was proceeding in the same direction. At Lucas avenue the cart turned and the cyclist was thrown under the wheels, his death being instantaneous, as his head was completely crushed.

The police were notified and took charge of the body, later conducting a thorough investigation into the cause of the accident. The driver, who was a near neighbor of the victim, was greatly overcome.

An alarm was sounded from box 326, the private box on the Bijou Theatre, Monday afternoon, for a slight fire on the roof of the old Coe residence directly in the rear. The flames were quickly extinguished by chemical streams, but many people had opportunity to see the dilapidated condition of the property.

One week from next Monday will be Labor Day. The summer is about finished.



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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Aline Laverne owns Cyprien, a small plantation in the Louisiana bayous. She leaves the management to John Philbrick, an old retainer and faithful, but not a good business man. An old man, the lawyer who is to help Aline, explains to the mysterious John Solomon. Aline's uncle David Macarty and his son, Felix, under pretense of looking after her interests, plot to get control of the plantation.

CHAPTER II.—One of their schemes is to dam the bayou and thus dry up her rice fields. Then they try to get rid of Philbrick. Aline suspects the Macartys and consults Jack Fortier, a young lawyer, who takes her case.

CHAPTER III.—She finds a big light on his hands, for the Macartys are all powerful. They try to bribe him off.

CHAPTER IV.—Then they have him beaten up, but he is rescued by John Solomon.

CHAPTER V.—The Macartys drop open hostilities and invite Fortier and Aline to go on their yacht, the Water-sprite, to inspect the plantation. Solomon has secured the job of steward on the yacht. Finding Philbrick gone, the many attempts to bribe Solomon, saying that he is going away for a while and has left the plantation in charge of Captain Wrexham.

CHAPTER VI.—Solomon tells an attempt to steal Fortier's papers. An outlaw named Gus Michel is killed on the yacht and Thompson, the mate, is held for ransom, chiefly through the evidence of Solomon, who later confesses to Fortier that he killed the man, and gives Fortier the Macarty papers, which Thompson had stolen from the lawyer.

CHAPTER VII.—Captain Wrexham takes charge of the plantation. Rather shady of character, he is prompted to play straight by the effect upon him of a photograph of Aline.

CHAPTER VIII.—Wrexham examines the contents of the safe and finds a package which interests him, and which he pockets. Macarty and the sheriff arrive looking for Philbrick whom Macarty charges with murder of a negro. Finding Philbrick gone, Macarty attempts to bribe Wrexham to betray the interests of Aline Laverne. Wrexham temporizes.

CHAPTER IX.—Wrexham, whose ship is anchored near the plantation, goes out at night on a mysterious errand of his own. Upon his return he finds Ah Lee waiting for him.

CHAPTER X.—Once in the long ago, in the China seas, Wrexham and Ah Lee had met and clashed. The Macarty tells Wrexham that he is deeply interested in protecting Aline and her inheritance. Wrexham tells of blowing up the dam that prevented irrigation of the plantation. In consideration of Wrexham's attempt to preserve Aline's property, Ah Lee spares Wrexham's life, which he had determined to take in revenge for the wrongs committed against him long ago.

CHAPTER XI.—Wrexham puzzles over Ah Lee's mysterious references to the "Genius" and the "Sea-moon." His ship mysteriously disappears and he receives a note indicating that his disappearance was in retaliation for blowing up the dam. Fortier and Solomon come to the plantation. Fortier explains to Wrexham that Solomon wants to "play low" for a while and also to reach Ah Lee. Wrexham directs a black boy to take Solomon to Ah Lee.

CHAPTER XII

"And where's Miss Laverne?" demanded Wrexham, with his first show of interest.

The two men sat at luncheon. Hours had passed since the arrival of Fortier. During those hours, Wrexham had gradually recovered himself.

"She's at Latouche," returned Fortier. "There are some business matters she must attend to in person. David Macarty had to stop there, too; we had trouble on the way and got held up for a time. Only reached there last night. I got a launch early this morning and came on, with Solomon." The talk languished again. The two men ate in silence.

Luncheon over, Uncle Ned produced a whisky decanter and the two men adjourned to the gallery. By degrees Wrexham lost his sullen air, and talked. At any other time he would have been entirely too reserved to say anything to Fortier about the picture on the mantel. Now, however, with the Nautilus gone, the man's mental barriers were down. He spoke frankly enough, in a detached way as though he were telling some other man's tale. He told of the influence exerted upon him by that photograph, and of the resultant consequences. He apprised Fortier that the Manchou who called himself Ah Lee was a friend and a man to be trusted, and went into the reasons for this.

Fortier wondered. "The eyes of Aline Laverne," he mused aloud, when the seaman had fallen silent, "seem to have a strange power to reach men. Wrexham! A singular thing."

"Not a bit of it," said the skipper coolly. "Not a bit of it! Not singular at all. It's like Ah Lee said—that girl has the sweet purity of a flower. Well, then? When a bad un like me or Ah Lee looks into eyes like hers, something is stirred inside 'em. A man who has lived hard, who has seen life, knows what a cursed wonderful thing it is to be good. And that's all."

Fortier nodded. Presently Wrexham departed, by himself, in the launch that had brought Fortier from town. He was gone for the remainder of the afternoon, searching nooks and corners of the bayous for those missing boats. When he returned, the stoop to his shoulders told his own tale of failure.

During this afternoon, Fortier was not idle. From Uncle Ned he added to Wrexham's story and gained supplementary details. Also, he learned a most extraordinary fact about that picture which he found in the library—a fact that he dare breathe to

again, for the taking. It was incredible. He shoved a cigar into Philbrick's hand, seized the bottle and drank lustily, chugging the graybeard on the back. "Good for you!" he exclaimed. "Good for you! Let's sit down and talk it over. There's no hurry. We got all night."

"You've been drinking a lot, out in the canals?" he asked. "Aye," blurted Philbrick, with a ghastly grin. "Aye. Nothing to do but drink an' dream. You know what Aeschylus said about old men? 'Dreams left wandering in the day.' That's me. I'm far gone."

"You look it," said Wrexham brutally. "Why don't you lay off whisky?" "Can't," Philbrick lifted the bottle and drank again. "It'd kill me."

Wrexham laughed. "Cure you, you meant I'd cure you quick enough, if I had you aboard the Nautilus. By the Lord Harry, but I'd cure you! I've a notion to do it, too. I've a notion to shanghai you, make a man of you, Philbrick. Can do. You'd fight like hell at first, but a few weeks and see you a new man, I tell you!"

"You leave me alone," said Philbrick. "By the way, Miss Laverne comes home here tomorrow," observed Wrexham.

The effect of this remark upon Philbrick was extraordinary. For a moment the man sat absolutely motionless, arm outstretched, maudlin grin frozen on his lips. Then, over his tattered and filthy body ran a tremulous shudder.

"Oh, my Heaven!" he groined. The words seemed fairly wrung out of his heart. "What's the matter o' you?" demanded Wrexham in astonished wonder. "Ain't you glad? Thought you'd be glad to see her. And that man Fortier's here. He's a real un and no mistake, I can tell you! A real man. Worth a dozen o' you and me. Here, what's the matter?"

Wrexham rose in alarm. For Philbrick had come to his feet and was swaying unsteadily. "Can't you see, fool?" groined the overseer. "Look at me! I—I'm drunk. I'm all gone to pieces. Can't live an hour without whisky. All gone. Look at me! Think I can let her see me like this—ever?"

It was true. Under the starlight Wrexham could see that the man's face was working terribly with the fear that was on him. These days of steady drinking must have been frightful in their effect.

"Well, go slow, now," said Wrexham coolly. "I owe you something big, my man! You got to show me where that schooner is laid up, savvy? But wait a minute—I want to ask you something. Ever hear of the Genius? Or the Sea-moon? Or the Queen of Sheba? Fortier wants to know about 'em. So does Macarty. So do I. What the deuce are they, anyhow? Stars?"

Philbrick put one hand to his head and groined. "No, no! They're in the desk in the library—two boxes of 'em. Stones. I don't know what. Laverne brought 'em home from Asia with him—he's keeping them for somebody. They don't belong to him. Jewels, maybe. Oh, my Lord! To think of her coming home tomorrow—and me like this! A dream left wandering in the day—"

"Shut up and talk," snapped Wrexham. "Jewels? Battered! More of your nonsense! See here, where's that schooner o' mine? Can you find her?" "Four miles down the bayou, moored inside that little island," said Philbrick in a dazed voice. He groped for the bottle, found it, lifted it to his lips for a long swallow.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I must get out of here before she comes home, cap'n! My gut's out of here, unsteady! I'd all gone to pieces. Not as bad as Ah Lee, though! It'll be dead in a few days. Says so himself. Devils eatin' him up inside—arrrh! But I made him laugh, all right, when I told him that joke on you. Made him laugh!" "Huh!" growled Wrexham. "What joke's that?"

Philbrick uttered a wild laugh and lunged out his arm. "Joke, all right! You and that picture. Fell in love with that picture—ho, ho!"

Wrexham's hand fell on his shoulder, twisted the man around suddenly. The fingers gripped and bit like iron. The seaman's voice was cold as ice. "Spill it! What's that joke, you old fool? What about it?"

"Picture of a dead woman!" mouthed Philbrick wildly. "Dead woman—Aline's mother! And you thought—you thought it was her all the while—you—"

There was a quick, low sound as the fist of Wrexham went home. Philbrick staggered, flung out his arms, whirled half around, then fell heavily. He lay on his face, motionless.

For a moment Wrexham stood over him, looking down. One would have thought that he was about to lash into the senseless old man with his boot—perhaps, indeed, he was. But he stood motionless, silent, for a long moment. Whatever emotion lay in his bearded face, could not be seen under the starlight.

Suddenly he stooped. His hands caught Philbrick's legs, gripped them savagely. In a moment he had bound the old man hand and foot, bound him hand and feet. Then he lifted the bound, senseless body and laid it in the canoe.

Without a word, Wrexham turned and strode up to the house. As a matter of fact, his brain was in a whirl, yet he knew exactly what he was going to do. It all came to him in a flash—came to him as he had stood there looking down. Despite his confusion of mind, despite the jumble of thought, he knew exactly what he must do.

He quietly walked into the house, went to the library, and sat down at the desk. There he penned a short, curt note to Fortier, telling him what he had learned from Philbrick. His lips curved in a sardonic twist at the mention of Jewels. He concluded: "The old fool's drunk as can be. He'll be dead to a week if I don't take a hand. So I'm taking it. I'm going to make a man of him yet. We're off to sea."

"The plantation's in your hands. I've resigned. Yours truly, 'TOM WREXHAM.'"

Wrexham folded the note, placed it in an envelope, sealed it, and left it lying on the desk in plain sight. Then, a candle in his hand, he rose and walked to the mantel.

For a space he stood there, looking into the pictured eyes of the girl. "So you're not Aline Laverne—but her mother!" he said at last. He was quite calm now. "It's a rum go, this—a rum go, I tell you! If it hadn't been for you, young Macarty ud be here now, and no mistake. Were you watchin' over her, I wonder?"

This thought must have awakened strange things in him. He stood there fascinated by those eyes which gazed down so sweetly and frankly into his. At last a sigh came surging from his lips.

"Oh, I knew it wasn't possible!" he said at length. "I knew no such being as you was living on this earth; and it's so. Maybe your girl's like you—I don't know. I ain't going to wait and see, neither."

He turned away. Then, as though loath to go, he turned again and looked at the picture. Those protruding eyes of his, which at times could blaze with so fierce and predatory a light, were now strangely softened. There was even a diffidence in his air.

"Maybe," he said, hesitant, "maybe, now, you—wouldn't mind going along to sea with me and Philbrick? The old rascal has dreamed o' going to sea all his life, and never dared. Now I'm taking him—gold—to make a man of him. Do you think it ud be wrong o' me to take you along, miss? Would you mind goin'?"

He blinked at the picture. Then, suddenly, a smile touched his bearded lips. He reached up for the enlarged photograph, took it down from its place.

"Yes, but 'er father 'ad a fortune. 'E was keepin' o' it for me in trust, thinkin' as 'ow I might need it some day and call for it. Them 'ere naïves you mentioned—"

Ah Lee lifted a warning finger. "I hear steps."

John Solomon sat in silence. Presently he produced pipe and tobacco, and began to smoke. He had been on the point of explaining what was meant by those three names—the Queen of Sheba, Genial, Sea-moon.

Ah Lee, who had checked that explanation, was destined never to hear it. As Solomon drew a match across his sole and held it to his clay pipe, a figure glided into the hut and sat down at one side. It was a man dressed in corduroys—a large and powerful man, whose face was bearded thinly, lined with seams of evil. In his hand the man held a long, slightly curved knife. As he sat there, legs crossed, he began automatically to whet the knife back and forth on his boot.

This man was Petit Jean Hennequin. "Not dead yet, eh?" he said, looking at the Manchou. "Not a-goin' to die, neither, I 'opes," said Solomon cheerfully. At these words, a ghastly grimace was for an instant visible on the contorted face of Ah Lee. The Manchou's lips opened, and he spoke.

His voice was now no longer the same. It was clear, but faint. "Money in the trunk, yonder. You will pay my men? Six coolies. Two Arabs, good men, who know arack. You will attend to this?"

"I will," said Solomon. There was a slight silence. Then Solomon glanced at Petit Jean. "You was a-lookin' for me, sir?"

"Yes," Petit Jean Hennequin replied in oddly accented English which defies reproduction. "Yes, I've just had word from David Macarty. It shows your story was true. You're one of us. It's all right."

"That's werry kind of you, sir," said Solomon. "The message also said," and the outlaw fastened upon Solomon a steady regard, "that your evidence ud hang Thompson for killin' my brother, Gus Michel. That so?"

Solomon nodded. "That's why I'm 'ere, sir. Mr. Macarty, 'e didn't want that 'ere Thompson to 'ang."

"Neither do I," said Petit Jean, and fell silent. In those three words, in the slow whetting of that knife, lay a dreadful significance. Suddenly the outlaw glanced up.

"When they discover who Michel was Thompson will be set free. Then he'll come after you, Solomon! But don't you worry. I'll take care o' you."

"Werry kind o' you I calls it," said Solomon, with a nod. "Werry kind of you, sir, I says!"

Again silence. The candle guttered in its glass, and flamed higher. Solomon's pipe sucked empty; he knocked it out and leaned forward, looking at Ah Lee. Then he rose and took the lantern and held it to the face of the Manchou.

Something in the pose of Solomon, something in the way he stood there and gazed, caused Petit Jean to rise and join him. They both stared at the sick man. But Ah Lee was no longer sick. The voice was fled. The jade-like eyes were filmed over.

A wheezy sigh escaped the lips of Solomon. He blew out the lantern and went out of the hut. Walking stilly, he followed a curving path from the hut, and this path brought him to an opening at the edge of the bayou. Here he stood, gazing at the scene before him—fading, smoky torches of pine knots lighting the vats, the working, flitting figures of naked men vanishing and appearing again, the sketched suggestion of the swamp and forest behind. Behind Solomon came the figure of Petit Jean, standing there with him.

Why did John Solomon lie to this man?

CHAPTER XIV

David Macarty and his son were sitting in the library of the Macarty house on Cyprien island, while the yacht swung to her moorings in the bayou.

Father and son did not get on any too well. Felix felt that his father was too cautious, too "picaune," as he expressed it. David felt that his son was too impetuous, too headstrong.

As the two sat together in the dark old library, the afternoon heat hung heavy on the air outside, but its warmth did not penetrate the house. David Macarty held a paper in his hand, upon which was an abruptly broken paragraph of writing. He had read this writing a hundred times since the death of his relative, Aline Laverne's father.

"Here," exclaimed Felix, holding out his hand. "Let's have another look."

His father gave him the paper. Felix spread it out, frowned over it. The writing, which had been written by Laverne an hour before his death, read:

"My dear Aline: In confiding to you a great, an immense treasure, I do so with the injunction that it be held as a sacred trust. It does not belong to me, but to a friend, whose name you will find inside the larger box. In the smaller box are the Genial, the Queen, and the Sea-moon. Three of these are pearls, probably the finest ever taken from the Gulf of Aden; when I brought them home, their customs valuation was ten thousand dollars each, and this was many years ago. The Queen of Sheba is a diamond of still greater value. In the larger box are—"

Felix Macarty looked up, uttered a curse, and crumpled the paper in his hand. "Here!" exclaimed his father, startled. "You young fool, be careful—"

Felix turned on him with a snarl, his dark eyes smoldering. "What good is it to us? Not a hint in it of where the stuff is placed! It's bound to be in the library, somewhere! We know from the way you pumped Aline that she knows nothing of it—therefore, her father hid it. Well, qu' est-ce que ça fait? I tell you, we've got to get down to business, and do it quick! Building that cursed dam has cost too much money. That's what we get with your slow and cautious ways. Failure!"

The grave features of David Macarty looked disturbed. "I know we've failed, my boy," he said weakly. "But why? From unforeseen accidents, that's all. That confounded Wrexham ruined all our plans. Now we are back where we started from—"

"Oh, are we?" snapped the younger man. "What about that man Fortier, eh? He's wise."

"Nonsense! Aline herself suspects nothing—"

Felix Macarty broke into a torrent of profanity. "Open your eyes!" he cried out savagely. "Can't I read behind all that story you've mandered along with? The girl is wise to us. So is Fortier—her lawyer. You've fiddled away the time, playing your own sort of game, and I've backed it up. Now that's done with, understand? You've failed. Your game has failed. Can you deny it?"

David Macarty fingered his lips. His complacency was shattered, even. "No," he responded at length. "No, I can't. So far, it has failed. Nevertheless—"

"I backed you," intervened his son coldly. "Now I'm done with your way of playing. I'm going to play my own game, understand? In my own way. Either you back me or you don't. Which is it to be?"

David Macarty gazed at his son with pleading eyes, but met only an inflexible purpose, an iron determination. He met no affection whatever.

"Do you forget that I am your father?" he said, donning his usual dignity.

"No!" flashed the other. "That's why I'm giving you a chance, one and only chance, to sit in my game! I'm out of yours. You'll get nowhere. Get behind me, and you'll share a fortune—a whopping fortune! You know the kind of man Laverne was. He'd never play any picaune game. He had two boxes of jewels, and you can bet they meant something! Yes or no?"

"Yes," said David Macarty in a low voice.

Felix dropped into a chair, lighted a cigarette, and surveyed his father with a cool appraisal. Somehow, those smoldering eyes made the elder man wince.

"I shan't bother you with details—you'd only whine about 'em," said Felix brutally. "What you'll see will be results, that's all! I can use you. You'll come in handy when it's a question of covering tracks and stepping soft. That's where you shine. But for the present, only two men will know what cards I hold. I'm one of them. The other is Petit Jean."

At the mention of this name, David Macarty lifted his head. Now he responded, and in his voice was an unwonted earnestness.

"Felix, let me tell you for the last time—I'm afraid of that creature! He's no man. He is a devil! That's what he is. A devil. There's no crime he'd hesitate to commit; he has no more conscience or ethical sense than a wild beast."

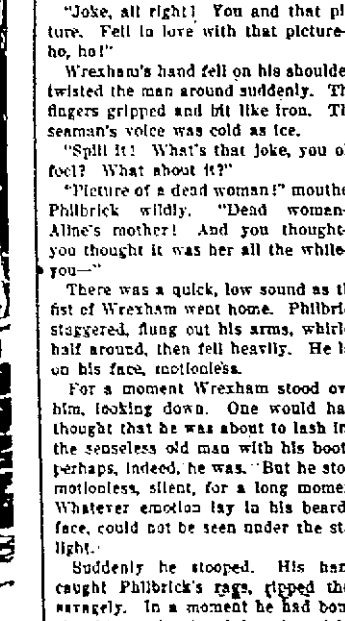
"You talk of using me," went on the father, with gathering force. "That's your whole attitude toward every one—even me, your father. Using me! Have you no love for me, Felix?"

"Certainly I have," said Felix Macarty, with a quiet assurance.

"Sometimes I doubt it," David was on the offensive now, and remained there. "When I found that this Fortier was employed by the girl I set Petit Jean on him. And with what result? None."

"You probably did it halfway," said the son scornfully. "Told Jean to let the lawyer out. You should have told him to quit."

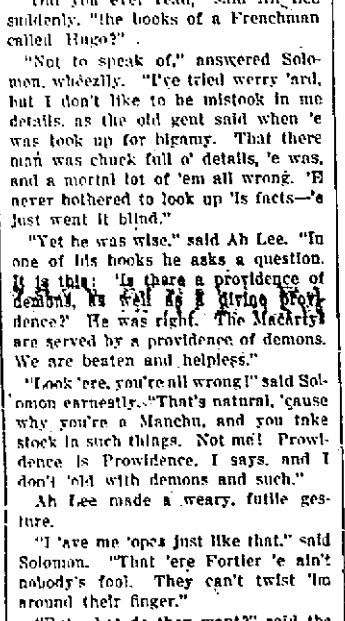
Continued on Page 3



A Man Was Urging the Canoe Forward.

saw that a single paddler, a man, was urging the canoe forward in silence. "Come to make a deal, have you?" said the seaman.

A maudlin laugh answered him. "News for you!" said the voice of Philbrick.



He Addressed Solomon Respectfully.

and join him. They both stared at the sick man. But Ah Lee was no longer sick. The voice was fled. The jade-like eyes were filmed over. A wheezy sigh escaped the lips of Solomon. He blew out the lantern and went out of the hut. Walking stilly, he followed a curving path from the hut, and this path brought him to an opening at the edge of the bayou. Here he stood, gazing at the scene before him—fading, smoky torches of pine knots lighting the vats, the working, flitting figures of naked men vanishing and appearing again, the sketched suggestion of the swamp and forest behind. Behind Solomon came the figure of Petit Jean, standing there with him.



He Addressed Solomon Respectfully.

After a moment, Solomon filled his pipe again, and lighted it. As though the dare of the match had been a signal, a dark figure glided to him—one of the two Arab overseers. He addressed Solomon respectfully, in Arabic. "Has my father Suleiman any orders?"

"No," returned Solomon in the same tongue. "He is dead. There is nothing to be done now. I shall pay off the coolies tomorrow, and they may depart. Tell them so."

"It shall be done as ordered," was the response. "And let Suleiman be satisfied that I and yonder Hassan, who is also the son of my father, are awaiting his commands."

The man departed. Petit Jean touched the arm of Solomon.

"What'd he say?"

"That the stick ud be drawn off to-morrow," said Solomon. "And that the coolies wouldn't work no more, now that Ah Lee was dead. They're a-goin' to quit."

JOHN SOLOMON INCOG

Continued from Page 2
him to kill Fortier then and there. But that's not your way."

David Macarty nodded unhappily, as he gazed into space. His son continued on once.

Wrexham is out of our way. He took his shotgun and went—took that old fool John Philbrick with him, too! The Chinaman, Ah Lee, is dying; he's probably dead now. That will end my income, for there's no one I can trust to fill Ah Lee's place. The job is too slow for Pett Jean. Therefore, we'll have to grab those jewels, and do it at once! In spite of your kindly advice, the man to do the job—or help with it—is this same Pett Jean. As you say, he's not a man but a devil. So much the better! If I could drag Satan in person into this game, on my side, I'd do it!"

David Macarty put on his hands with a gesture of futility.

Felix smiled thinly and leaned back in his chair.

"I'll do what you failed to do," he said. "Pett Jean will be here tonight, sure. He was to come when Ah Lee was dead, and I had word that Ah Lee wouldn't last out the day. I'll have all the liquor business cleared up out of the way in an hour or so. That'll be off my mind. Then we'll go to work at once."

David Macarty flung him a startled look.

"Not tonight, surely? You can't mean—"

"Wait and see," Felix laughed, swinging his feet, yawned. "Maybe not tonight; don't know yet, but we'll



He Swung Off Out of the Room.

try for it. If anything goes wrong, we'll need the yacht—and you. See you later.

He swung off out of the room.

David Macarty sat in perturbed thought. It was the tragedy of this man's life that he had no hold upon his son—that he must stand by, helpless, and see Felix go his own way. Nor could he very well preach. Felix knew too much about him, too many little things! And there, too, lay tragedy—they were all little things. David Macarty had no great crimes behind him; he was a man of small deeds, and petty tricks. Nothing to steel his soul.

Now that Alene knew, or suspected about those pearls, he was uneasy. He had surprised that paper under the hand of the dying Adrien Laverne, had hidden it, had kept its contents a secret as he thought. He dreaded any open rupture with her, shrank from meeting her clear eyes bent upon him in scorn and reproach.

The talk of marriage between Felix and Alene had fallen through, nor did David Macarty care that it had. Marriage would not have secured the jewels to him and Felix. On the contrary, the Louisiana law would confirm Alene in their ownership, or trust.

"No, that's a dead issue," reflected David Macarty. Then he brightened. "Unless there were some way of obtaining title to them after the marriage! Then they would be community property—and the law tucks that away in the absolute control of the husband—ah, perhaps I haven't failed yet, my son Felix! But I shall have to think."

So David Macarty fell to his thinking, although it was destined to bear no fruit. For while he thought, tragedy was sweeping close under the reckless hand of Felix.

At dinner that evening, David Macarty informed his son that he was going aboard the yacht and meant to stay aboard her.

"Good enough," assented Felix. "Don't let Wright we may put to sea tonight—let him sleep and know nothing until the time comes. By the way, I told Pett Jean to bring your man, Solomon, whenever he showed up. There's no sense having that fool steward hiding out somewhere in the drakes."

"It seemed the safest—"

"There you go again with your cursed caution!" exclaimed Felix, heatedly. "His evidence will never be needed, and you know it! Thompson will be released soon enough, when it's discovered that the dead man was Michel Hennepin. I only hope Thompson won't be released too soon—able to happen at any minute!"

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You discharged him, of course?"

David Macarty looked troubled. "Certainly not! He's been useful to me."

"More picturesque business!" said his son, angrily.

Just after the coffee was served, the negro houseman entered with word that a boat had come in to the landing, and two men were coming up to the house. Felix uttered an exclamation and rose to his feet.

"That'll be Pett Jean and Solomon. I'll send the steward aboard the yacht, eh? And take Jean into the library."

He hurried outside. At the gallery steps he encountered the two men, whose identity he had rightly guessed. The three figures made an indistinct group under the starlight.

"Ah Lee?" queried Felix Macarty.

"He's dead," Pett Jean made answer in croak and jerked his thumb at the pudgy figure of Solomon. "He told this one to handle the accounts and pay off the men. It was well done, too. No fuss about it. This creature could talk with the two Arabs, and all's done."

Felix looked at Solomon. "So you talk Arabic, do you? How come?"

"I've knocked about quite a bit, sir," returned Solomon. "Some of them 'ere 'eathen tongues comes in 'andy at times, sir, and I've picked 'em up."

"He careful that you haven't picked up too much information about my business," said Felix Macarty, coldly. "You settled Ah Lee's accounts, did you?"

"No, sir—paid off 'is men, that was all. I wouldn't make so bold as to open 'is account books, sir. They're all together in the canoe."

"Very well. Take 'em out to the yacht and settle back to your position. Tell Mr. Wright to send a boat ashore for my father whenever a lantern is waved from the landing. And have things in shape abroad—we may put out for a cruise tonight."

"Worry good, sir," Solomon touched his cap and stamped away toward the landing.

CHAPTER XV

That same evening, Jack Fortier sat up late in the library of the Laverne house, with Alene.

Wreck held them; there was much to be done. Alene Laverne was coming to a full and definite grasp of her own affairs, and under Fortier's guidance she was reaching it. Papers were gone over, John Philbrick's accounts were found exquisitely taken care of, the wall safe was given a thorough overhauling. When they had finished, Fortier felt cheerful.

"Things are in fair shape, Miss Alene," he reflected. "You're not pressed for money. Thanks to Captain Wrexham, there'll be no need to irrigate, at least this year—that dam can't be rebuilt in time. And I notice it is not being rebuilt."

"It was queer about Captain Wrexham!" said the girl. "And he took my mother's picture with him, too—well, he's welcome! Those beautiful things he left in my room—"

"Wrexham thought that picture was of you," said Fortier dryly. "I honestly believe he fell in love with it. Probably he discovered his mistake, and decamped—a queer chap!"

Fortier took up the letter which Capt. Tom Wrexham had left behind him, and tapped it reflectively. He laid it down again on the table.

"This letter," he began, "and the information in it—"

"Oh, about the treasure!" The girl's face lighted up swiftly. "Do you suppose it could really be jewels?"

Fortier laughed. "My dear girl, how should I know? Didn't your father ever mention it?"

"No." "And we've been all through the desk, and there's nothing in it. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

She was looking at the desk—a large, massive piece of rosewood, much scuffed in the old style.

"Unless there's some secret compartment in the desk. It's quite possible."

Fortier shook his head. "We'd have to tear the thing apart in order to find it. Do you care to do that?"

"If nothing else shows up—yes. But not tonight; I'm tired."

"You're not going back to the yacht tonight?"

"No." The clear eyes of the girl were slightly troubled. "I'm afraid—I want to stay here, Mr. Fortier. Something about that yacht makes me afraid. Madame Latouche—she's a dear old lady; I've known her all my life, and she's coming to stay with me."

"Then I'll return to the yacht tonight and—"

"No, please!" Her hand went out to his arm, her eyes sought his with a suddenly startled look. "No! I don't want to be alone in the house—the servants all have their quarters. I think I'll go upstairs now, if you'll excuse me. Uncle Neb will bring you the keys when he locks up. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Miss Alene," replied Fortier.

Left alone, he sat smoking and thinking for a space. Again he read over that letter which Wrexham had left, frowning at it in puzzled thought. Certainly there was no trace of any treasure or other mysterious objects in or around the desk, as Philbrick had intimated to Wrexham was the case. Fortier laid the letter down again on the table. Afterward, he remembered having left it there.

"There might be a secret compartment," he reflected, eyeing the desk, "as she thinks. If so, it'd be a hard thing to find. The only way would be to rip off the back of the desk. Well, time enough tomorrow."

Uncle Neb appeared with the keys, bringing word that everything was locked up for the night, and Fortier went to the east guestroom, which opened on the upper gallery.

When he had undressed and turned out the lights, he stood for a little at one of the French windows, gazing out across the bayou. There were the riding lights of the Watersprite, out in the deeper wa-

ter or mid-channel. Farther along, amid the trees, a light gleamed from the Macarty house. Frowning, Fortier turned away at length, and sought his bed.

He lay for a while, wondering if the Macartys would try anything further, or if they had had enough of the fight. On the morrow, he might be able to tell. He had left his suitcase aboard the yacht—Alene, too, had left her things aboard. On the morrow they would get those belongings, refuse the cruise David Macarty was planning. This would mean a rupture with the Macartys, a plain talk, a defiance. And so much the better! The truth must out.

At length Fortier fell asleep.

A strange dream came to him. He dreamed that Captain Wrexham was sitting on the edge of his bed, discoursing about precious stones. He could distinctly see the skipper, fingering his curly brown beard and speaking in his jerky, abrupt fashion. The presence was so vivid that the words were deeply printed on the mind of Fortier:

"Jewels? All balderdash, I tell you! Never come true. But when they do come true, they play tricks on people—never affect two persons alike. It's a run go, that! You watch out for it, now. You can't bank on what'll happen when a man sees lost before him—jewels! Like as not, he'll go out of his head. Watch out for it!"

Fortier woke up. He blinked and peered around for the seaman—the room was quite empty. None the less those words still rang in his ears—"Watch out for it!" Fortier was actually brought wide awake by the reality of this dream.

As he lay there, he heard a faint, slight sound, like the sound of crackling wood, of rending, splintered, dry wood. It was only a faint sound, almost obliterated in the splashing of the bayou waves. Yet Fortier sat up and listened. He imagined that he caught other faint sounds, proceeding from downstairs.

"Confound it, that dream has put my nerves on edge!" he muttered. He glanced at his watch—it was one o'clock.

Rising, he slipped a dressing gown over his pajamas and quietly left the room. He walked to the stairway, and paused there. To his astonishment, he was now certain that he heard noises coming from below. Was Alene down there, searching for those jewels?

No thought of danger was in his mind as he descended the stairs; he did not try to quiet his steps. The heels of his loose slippers flapped dully on the carpeting. The sounds from below ceased abruptly.

Coming to the foot of the stairs, he saw a gleam of light below the library door, opened it, and paused in astonishment at the scene which met his eyes.

Where the desk had been was now a wreck of smashed and splintered rosewood, and over the wreck, staring at Fortier, stood Felix Macarty. Even at this first sight of the man, Fortier realized instantly that it was no other than Felix Macarty—the resemblance to David was strong enough to show forth.

The two men stood gazing at each other for a moment. Fortier was astonished to find the room in a full blaze of light, young Macarty caught in the very act of wrecking the desk—and yet quite calm about it. Felix showed no consternation. He must have heard Fortier coming, then. And, of course, he had found that letter, which Fortier had left lying so carelessly about, and had at once gone to the desk.

"Hope you found what you were looking for?" said Fortier.

Felix Macarty nodded.

"All right," he said. "All right. Get him, Jean."

Fortier spun around, not quickly enough to escape. A blow from behind caught him over the head. Before he could recover, a scarf was about his throat and he was being neatly garroted. Felix Macarty looked on with interest.

Strangled though he was, however, Fortier did not go down altogether tamely. He had a glimpse of a frightful face bending above him—the scowled, evil face of Pett Jean Hennepin as he had seen it that night in New Orleans. That thinly bearded face glowed with an infernal delight in the task under way; grinning teeth,

glittering eyes, savagely dilated nostrils, all expressed a diabolical fury.

Fortier, before he fell, struck at that face and felt his fist drive solidly home. In response, he got another blow across the skull that dazed him again—and the garrote drew tighter. He went to the floor, fell heavily, with the powerful figure of Pett Jean on top of him. The crash of the falling figures seemed to shake the house.

"He him up, quick!" snapped the voice of Felix Macarty. "Get a couple of the men from the boat—carry him out."

"Here!" said Pett Jean, snarling over the word. "Here—finish it now!"

"Do as I say, curse you!" snapped young Macarty. "Think I don't know what I'm doing? Carry him aboard, and do it quick!"

For a little Pett Jean bent over the figure of Fortier, then came erect and slipped away like a shadow. Felix Macarty closed the library door, darted to the desk and began wrenching away the fragments of its back.

A moment afterward he produced two boxes of plain wood. One was quite small, the other was larger—barely large enough to be slipped into a coat pocket. Both boxes were fastened only with brass catches. They had lain in a secret compartment at the back of the desk.

Felix Macarty bent over and searched again in the ruins of the woodwork. There was nothing more—not even a scrap of paper. The two little boxes, and nothing else, had been concealed there.

Satisfied of this fact, Macarty went over to the table. For a moment he hesitated, looking down at the two boxes. Then he thrust the larger box into his pocket and, with a soft movement, unfastened the cover of the smaller one. The lid flew back.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The man caught his breath as he stared down.

Lying bedded in a deep pad of black velvet, were four precious objects. Two of these were pinkish pearls, an evenly matched pair of great globules, staring up at the man with a soft luster as of concealed fire in their depths.

"The Gemini!" murmured Macarty in awed tones.

The third pearl was a most peculiar and extraordinary creation. It was not pure white, nor was it round. Instead, it was shaped like the moon just before the full—an elliptical form whose perfection was none the less remarkable. So, too, was its hue, which was a clear and most delicate chair-de-lune, transfused by that cheery luster which comes only to the nacre of a pearl.

"The Sea-moon!" murmured Macarty.

He looked at the fourth gem—this one a stone, the Queen of Sheba, a pure white diamond as large as the nail of his little finger. From the black velvet, this thing blinked up at him with a thousand little tongues of flaming fire that licked at his brain.

Lost to all around him, the man stood transfixed, staring down at what lay in his hand. Like most other people in the world, he had rarely seen a perfect jewel; the sight of these four at once was a revelation to him. As he gazed, a transformation came into his face—a subtle change.

In the dream words of Cap'n Wrexham, "you can't bank on what'll happen when a man sees lost spread out before him." Among that lost consists of four jewels, among the most perfect and beautiful in the world—jewels which, even in the Orient, had been deemed worthy of personal names—then all probability is lost. No two persons will be affected in the same way. What renders one man sane, will evoke the devil from another. The almost hidden depth of a man's nature surges up and takes command of him.

Thus a slow change took place in Felix Macarty as he gazed at those four precious objects. The cold cruelty of his face became smoothed out, so that he looked more like his father. He had the things in his hand—they were his. The game was won. As he stared at them, the smoldering eyes of him deepened into a steady blaze of thought. One would have said that these four jewels set the brain of this man to work.

Such was actually the case.

When he caught the slight creak of the opening door, Macarty coolly shut the little box and dropped it into his pocket. Then he turned, perfectly calm and self-possessed. He saw Alene Laverne standing on the threshold and watching him. Her eyes were comprehending and perhaps a little sad.

"Felix! So you dared this much!" she said quietly.

Macarty merely nodded. His gaze darted past her, and he perceived that the body of Fortier had vanished. A sudden blaze of exultation leaped into his eyes, as he saw how everything was cleared away for him—how the game was won! Never in his life had his evil brain worked so fast, so coherently, so perfectly as at this moment.

"Of course, Alene, of course," he said, and approached the door. "Listen, now! You are coming aboard the yacht—now, this moment! My father is there. We must have a straight talk, settle everything up—"

"So far as I am concerned," returned the girl quietly, "everything is settled and—"

"Listen to me!" Macarty lifted a hand. So strange was the authority in his face and voice, so vibrant and his personality suddenly became, that Alene paused, yielded. "If you make any noise, that fool lawyer of yours will be down here to investigate—and I'll shoot him. This is a family matter. You come aboard with me; the boat's waiting."

Perhaps the thought of Fortier struck Alene very hard. If Fortier came down here now, he would doubt-

less attack the intruder—and the pistol which had leaped into the hand of Felix Macarty was menacing. Besides, what had she to fear?

Her calm, deep eyes dwelt upon the man speculatively, a bit puzzled by the singular change that had come over him.

"Very well," she said unexpectedly. "Perhaps it is best that I go with you. A frank understanding will clear up things once and for all. Wait until I get a wrap."

A silver thing was flung around her. She turned and went to the stairs. So well did Felix know the deep serenity of her, that he actually stood in silence and let her go. When she had vanished, a deep breath came from him.

"Won't," he said to himself. "Everything's clear now—everything! The game's in my hands, and it's won. Safe—perfectly safe!"

He stepped to the light switch and plunged the room in darkness, then passed out in the hall. There he turned on a dim light, and waited.

Presently Alene reappeared, descending the stairs. About her figure was wrapped that long stole of ermine lined with sun-hued silk on which was brodered the name of an emperor—the stole of ermine which Wrexham had left in her room. Felix, gazing up at her, caught his breath again, so greatly did the ermine enhance the delicate beauty of the girl.

He held out his hand to her, but she quietly ignored it, and went past him. He followed. In silence they went through the open door to the gallery, and so down toward the landing. Across the starlit waters a boat was heading in and Felix laughed softly to himself. He realized that Fortier had been taken aboard the yacht. Alene knew nothing of this.

Two of the crew were at the oars of the boat. Pett Jean Hennepin was in the bow. No words were exchanged. Alene stepped into the stern of the boat, and Felix Macarty followed; he made a gesture, and the boat shored off.

As they approached the gangway of the yacht, a canoe was seen swinging there. It was the same canoe which had fetched Pett Jean and Solomon out of the bayous.

"Come below, please," said Felix to the girl, when they had gained the deck of the yacht. David Macarty was not in sight.

Alene followed him down the companionway. At the foot of this, Felix paused and threw open the door of the cabin which Alene had previously occupied.

"In there," he said. "Wait until I send for you."

She looked at him a moment, her eyes disquieted. Perhaps she meant



The Game Was Won!

Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets at 10 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

to refuse. Before she could speak, Felix quietly took her arm and pushed her inside. He shut the door, turned the key in the lock, and pocketed it.

"Caught!" he said to himself, and laughed. "Won—the game's won!"

A slight sound at his elbow. He turned, to find Pett Jean standing there.

"Well?" demanded the outlaw, hoarsely. "Well? What luck? Find them?"

Felix reached out, clapped the man on the shoulder, broke into a low, vibrant laugh.

"All the luck in the world, mon and!" he cried. "Come along, now. I'm running this game, understand? The orders come from me."

"Certainly," murmured the other. He looked at Felix admiringly.

Felix led the way along the passage to the little saloon cabin—a tiny room. Here, beneath a cluster of electric lights, a card table had been set up. David Macarty sat smoking nervously, a bottle of brandy and glasses at his elbow. At sight of the two men, he sprang to his feet.

"Felix! What—what luck?"

Felix looked at his father, and smiled in a singular fashion.

"Where you failed," he said slowly, "I have won."

"Won! You have them?"

Felix nodded, and dropped into a chair. He took a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it. Pett Jean dropped into a chair, likewise.

"Let's see them!" said the outlaw.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed David Macarty, seating himself again. "Where are they?"

Felix blew a thin cloud of smoke, gazed at them for a moment from narrowed eyes, and then spoke.

"Kindly remember, both of you, that while you may be sharing the proceeds equally with me—it is I who am giving the orders. You understand?"

They assented with a nod, a gesture, in eager silence.

"The stones are in my pocket," went on Felix, "but we are not going to inspect them just yet. First, there is going to be some talk—by me. We are in a situation that demands quick and sure action. A false move will ruin us. I have the whole thing in my brain, and I am going to tell you exactly what is to be done. You understand?"

Again a silent assent. David Macarty reached for his glass and gulped down its contents. The brandy had heartened him, fired his constitutional caution into life and action.

"You're a wonder, Felix!" he spluttered, and wiped his lips. "A wonder! What've you gone and done?"

"Enough," said Felix. "Now, kindly listen—and pay attention to me!"

(To be continued)

Plural of "Money."

The correct plural of the word "money" is "moneys," following the rule that nouns ending in "y" preceded by a vowel add "ies" to form the plural. The word "monies" is an irregular plural that is sometimes used, particularly in the sense of "sums of money."

Strange Experience.

Riding atop the bus a limb of a tree whipped off my glasses, cord and all. Several weeks later while walking through the park with a companion my glasses, in perfect condition, fell into my parasol which I had lowered to avoid the boughs.—Chicago Journal.

People You Dislike.

I never know which class inspires more horror in me—the people who tell you things you did know or the people who tell you things you didn't. The former insult one's intelligence, the latter one's lack of it.—From "Memories of the Future" by R. A. Knox.

In the Long Ago.

Roger had spent a last summer week in the country, and a few days ago we stopped at this same farm. The dog b

MAGNUS JOHNSON

"Dirt Farmer" Succeeds
Knute Nelson in Senate



Magnus Johnson, nominee of the Farmer-Labor party, who was elected United States senator from Minnesota to succeed the late Knute Nelson.

EUROPE UNABLE TO PAY
UP NOW MELLON SAYS

America Unlikely to Press for
Debts in Near Future, France
Especially Being Involved

Washington.—The American government probably will make no immediate effort to hasten negotiation of debt funding agreements with its foreign wartime debtors as a result of information brought back to the treasury by Secretary Mellon.

Determination upon such a policy was practically assured when it became known that Mr. Mellon, who has just returned from a two months' vacation in Europe, would remain in the cabinet, he conferred with President Coolidge, the announcement being made later that he would continue as head of the Treasury Department.

Mr. Mellon, who is chairman of the American Debt Commission, was declared to be pessimistic regarding completion in the near future of additional funding settlements. He was represented as believing, after his study of conditions abroad, that the present was not a good time to attempt inquiries as to what the foreign governments contemplated in the way of repaying the American loans.

He also was said to be of the opinion that legislation prolonging the life of the Debt Commission, due to expire in another year, would be necessary.

Taking a gloomy view of European affairs, politically and economically, the secretary was said to see no hope of an immediate settlement of the reparation tangle and to believe that until that question is disposed of there is little chance of improvement in Europe's economic situation. The connection between the involved reparation problems and the payment of debts to the United States, particularly by France, was regarded to be by Mr. Mellon as close.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

TOKIO.—Advice received here from Seoul said 345 persons are dead and more than a thousand missing as a result of the recent tidal waves and storm in the four western provinces of Korea.

LONDON.—German marks were quoted at 25 million to the pound sterling here.

PITTSBURGH.—The labor shortage problem disappears as eight-hour steel day brings hundreds asking for jobs.

NICE, France.—Five Americans are killed and fifteen injured when auto bus plunges over 300-foot precipice in the Alps near Nice.

DUBLIN.—Eamon de Valera nominated for Dall in Irish parliamentary primary.

PARIS.—Poincare refutes arguments set forth in Curzon note and urges Allied unity be preserved.

TORONTO.—Eight persons lost their lives when the famous resort, Wawa Hotel, on the Lake of Bays, Muskoka, Ontario, burned down to the ground.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass.—Sir Edward Grigg tells Institute of Politics that Great Britain is only nation that has made sacrifices in an effort to settle the reparation problem.

SAN PEDRO, Cal.—Explosion of 500,000-barrel crude oil tank goods countryside with blazing liquid and imperils city of San Pedro.

NEW YORK.—Coal miners and operators agree, under pressure of commission threat, to resume peace conference.

MEXICO CITY.—Statement by Obregon indicates recent United States-Mexican recognition consultations have failed.

STUEBENVILLE, Ohio.—Staubenville soothes with excitement as anti-Klan Mayor, just elected, defies Klan to remove him from office.

The annual missionary collection taken at the Old Orchard, Me., convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance at the camp ground totaled \$33,522. The annual missionary sermon was preached by the Rev. Paul Rader of Chicago, president of the Alliance.

GUNMEN HOLD UP
170 IN AN INN

Seven Enter Detroit Roadhouse
and Tear Jewels From Patrons—Use Teeth in Effort.

ESCAPE IN STOLEN AUTO

Kill Motorcycle Policeman When He
Tries to Stop Their Car—Herman
Sakoloss of Brooklyn Is Ident-
fied as One of Bandits.

Detroit.—Seven gunmen held up the Allendale Inn at Warren and Snyder streets, lined up about 170 persons at the inn and obtained money and jewelry valued at \$25,000. Several persons, including one woman, were shot and seriously injured. Later one of the bandits killed a policeman at Monroe, about forty miles southwest of here, when the officer approached their automobile.

The identified injured guests at the roadhouse are:

George D. Wilson, vice president C. R. Wilson Body Company of Pontiac, Mich., shot in the right shoulder.

Joseph L. Weber, Detroit, shot in right knee.

Miss Lucile La Roy, Detroit, shot in the right arm.

Two other men suffered injuries, but were removed before police officers arrived.

The policeman killed at Monroe was Oscar Reinhardt, aged 30, a World War veteran. He died at a hospital two hours after being shot and did not regain consciousness.

Herman Sakoloss of Brooklyn, N. Y., was arrested at Monroe and was identified as one of the seven bandits that held up the inn, according to the police. Officers refused to say who identified the man, but Manager Chappell of the inn spent some time with the police just prior to the announcement of the identification.

Two of the gunmen stayed outside the roadhouse while three entered from the front door and two from the back. As soon as the men were inside the door they all began firing through the crowded dance hall. Women screamed and fainted. The bandits lined up the waiters first. One man guarded the waiters, two went from table to table through the crowds.

Another bandit guarded the front door while the fifth guarded the rear. All of the men inside the roadhouse were heavily armed and those on guard showed two guns. They stripped jewels from the women and money from the pockets of the men.

Whether an argument at the roadhouse between two women diners that preceded the entrance of the gunmen was a part of the holdup plan is being investigated by police. Just before the bandits appeared a woman diner rushed on to the dance floor and began a heated argument with a woman dancer, whom she accused of paying too much attention to her escort.

At the height of the argument, when the attention of the patrons was centered on the two women, the bandits entered. A volley of shots was fired into the ceiling announcing the presence of the robbers. Then, under cover of pistols, one man went to the cash register and emptied it.

All of the men were heavily armed, and a boy, said to have been not more than 19 years, brandished two revolvers over the crowd while his companions worked. "Keep 'em up," he called over and over in a sing song tone, firing occasionally when any of the guests spoke of moving.

One guest offered to release the clasp holding a diamond pin. "Haven't got time," snapped the gunman, as he jerked the pin loose with his teeth and brandished a pistol in his right hand. After the bandits departed more than a dozen men guests had torn shirt fronts showing where diamond pins had been jerked from them.

The gunmen carried a pistol in each hand when they entered, according to those in the roadhouse, and one particular duff man carried two pistols in his right hand while he searched the guests. Small change, keys and other valuable articles found in the pockets of the men were thrown on the table, the bandits taking only jewelry and bills.

FIRE GOES TO FIREMEN

Customary Emergency Routine Is Re-
versed in This Case.

Dixon, Ill.—When the fire department failed to come to the fire, the fire went to the fire department.

It happened when F. Mayer, Moline business man, driving an automobile west of this city, suddenly discovered his machine afire. As the seconds fled and the blaze grew worse, Mayer did not wait for the ladders to respond, but stepped on the gas and hurried to the Dixon station.

HUGHES SOUGHT INFORMATION

Sounded Powers Concerning Plan for
Separation of Rhineland.

Washington.—The German government is opposed to the proposal made by Major General Henry T. Allen, former commander of the American occupational forces in Germany, that the Rhineland be made a separate state. When this suggestion was laid before the State Department, Secretary Hughes made a comprehensive study of the report, and even sounded the foreign governments.

Rabbi Israel Faber of Taunton, Mass., who recently had his license to operate automobiles suspended by the registrar of motor vehicles, has been deemed by the registrar to be an improper person to hold a registration certificate. His registration has been revoked and he has been ordered to return his number plates.

BARBARA WHITNEY

Her Wedding Probable
In Spring of Next Year



Miss Barbara Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney of New York, whose engagement to Barkley M. Henry of Philadelphia has been announced. The wedding will probably be held after Mr. Henry's graduation from Harvard in the spring of 1924.

BUSINESS EXPRESSES
VIEWS TO COOLIDGE

United States Chamber of Com-
merce Delegation Urges New
List of 14 Points.

Washington.—Foreign and domestic policies, deemed necessary by American business as represented by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, were presented to President Coolidge by a delegation representing the chamber. The delegation urged:

The desirability of not the necessity of settlement of the Ruhr problem, and suggested that the United States be helpful in settlement of European problems without delay.

Entrance into the world court. Private ownership and operation of the railroads under fair and just regulation.

A ship subsidy, but opposed to the government engaging in commercial business and operating ships.

Repeal of remaining war excise taxes, with any needed revenues obtained from a sales tax.

Readjustment of income surtaxes to make them more fruitful in revenue. That future issues of Federal obligations should have their interest subject to Federal tax.

Relief of American citizens resident abroad from Federal tax upon incomes derived abroad and not remitted to the United States.

Development and perfection of the budget system.

Restriction of immigration and application of the principle of selection.

The chamber advocates a law adding to the present 3 per cent immigration quota an additional 2 per cent quota upon a selective basis, to provide a flexibility without affecting social standards.

Confidence in the Federal Reserve system, was reaffirmed, and it was recommended that no changes be made.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Gerard B. Winston, of Chicago, now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, will be made Under Secretary upon the retirement of S. Parker Gilbert, Jr., the present Under Secretary. Secretary Mellon announced.

The Soldier Bonus Bill will be enacted by the next Congress shortly after it assembles next December, Senator Smoot told Secretary Mellon.

Only the formal approval of Secretary of State Hughes and President Coolidge to the agreement drawn up at Mexico City is now necessary for recognition of Oregon government in Mexico.

An international conference to work out plans for closer co-operation between the Canadian and American Governments in prohibiting the smuggling of liquor into this country will be held early in September at some point near the border convenient to both the Dominion and American delegations.

President Coolidge reported by veteran leader to be in favor of legislation in behalf of disabled soldiers. Coal commission reports to President Coolidge that anthracite strike probably will be averted as result of conferences.

Newspaper correspondents who met President Coolidge in the second formal press conference he has held since he took over the duties of Chief Executive were urged to put "a word of gladness and hope" into the stories obtained in the course of the conference.

Representative Porter, Dr. Blue and Bishop Brent appointed to act for United States at Geneva Drug Conference.

A campaign to liberalize the Volstead law in order to permit light wines and beer is to be launched in ten States this fall.

Mrs. Joseph Guzzette of Watertown, Mass., her three children, and Mrs. Carmelia Vitale of Boston, were poisoned by eating foodstuffs and were taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital in a serious condition. Mrs. Vitale was visiting at the Guzzette home and helped to prepare the foodstuffs for dinner.

SIGN TREATIES;
NAVY CUTS START

Exchange of Five-Power Treaty
Ratification Is Signal for
Scrapping Program.

American Reservation for 'No All-
iance' Now on Record—U. S. Loses
28 Big Vessels—Six Months to
Render Ships Unserviceable.

Washington.—Seated about a table in the State Department five men recorded the final approval of the Powers for the treaties drafted by the arms conference to end naval competition, terminate the Anglo-Japanese alliance and sweep away the war clouds that have hovered for decades over the Pacific.

It was an epilogue to the Washington negotiations at which it had been planned to give the place of honor to President Harding, at whose call the conference assembled; but instead the formal deposit of ratifications was performed almost without ceremony.

Secretary Hughes and his colleagues met in the diplomatic reception room in the presence of only a handful of spectators, including officials of the department, messengers and representatives of the press. Ambassador Haulhara acted for Japan and the other powers were represented by the charges of their embassies here—H. O. Philton for Great Britain, Capt. Andre de la Boulaye for France and Augusto Rosso for Italy.

Mr. Hughes sat at the head of the table, with the foreign diplomats facing each other at the sides. Without preliminary the secretary stated the purpose of the gathering and added that at a preliminary meeting in his office the ratifications had been examined and found complete. He then held up a paper embodying the American ratification and placed it in the center of the table.

"I herewith deposit the ratifications of the United States," he said.

The others followed suit, each pronouncing the same formula. Then documents constituting a record of the day and the hour at which the treaties became effective were passed from hand to hand for signature.

By prearrangement, a telephone flash went to the Navy Department at the moment the last name had been written on the naval limitation pact. The ink had not been dried on the signatures before orders were speeded over the wires which means the striking of 760,000 tons in fighting ships, new and old, from the navy list. The process of scrapping will begin at once.

The process verb 1 which is to form a permanent record of the coming into effect of the naval treaty embodies the reservation adopted by France stipulating that the 5-5-3-2-2 ratio established among the five powers as to capital ships cannot be construed as applying also to the smaller types of warcraft.

Likewise the "no alliance" reservation adopted by the United States Senate denying any obligation to use armed force under the provisions of the four power treaty was made a part of the process verbal by which the pact was made effective. Termination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is automatic under the terms of the four power agreement.

In addition to these ratifications also were exchanged on the supplemental treaty, drawn up to clarify the terms of the four power pact. It declares that in binding themselves to consult together over controversies arising in the Pacific the four signatories—the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France—are not obligated to submit for discussion any question which has exclusively within domestic jurisdiction.

The scrapping of the war craft which will begin immediately under the naval treaty will be carried out by different means for the various ships affected. The treaty provides specifically that the scrapping of a warship must comprise such destruction of offensive and defensive elements as will place it in "such condition that it cannot be put to combatant use."

All ships listed for scrapping must be rendered "unserviceable for purposes of war" within six months from today, and the actual breakup must be finished within eighteen months.

The Boston chamber of commerce has notified the mayor that it will cooperate heartily with him in the endeavor to induce the eastern railroads to give a fare of one cent a mile, if the G. A. R. will hold their next national convention in Boston.

CUTICURA HEALS
CHILD'S ECZEMA

On Cheek, Itched and
Burned, Could Not Sleep.

"Eczema broke out in a rash on my little girl's cheek and when scratched it spread and formed sore eruptions. They itched and burned so that even in the daytime she suffered and was very restless. At night she could not sleep on account of the irritation."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment which helped her so I purchased more and in about one month she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. B. Albro, R. F. D. 117, Barrington, R. I., Sept. 25, 1921.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets are all you need for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport held July 20, 1923:

Wm. H. Hammett was elected President, Wm. A. Sherman, Vice President and Wm. P. Carr, Clerk.

TRUSTEES

Wm. H. Hammett T. T. Pitman Wm. A. Sherman
Peter King Wm. P. Sheffield, Jr. Bradford Norman
Wm. P. Carr Anthony Stewart Henry C. Stevens, Jr.
Wm. W. Covell Wm. P. Buffum Edward A. Sherman
Grant P. Taylor

Wm. P. Carr, Clerk.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Savings Bank of Newport held immediately after the meeting of the Corporation the following named officers were elected:

Grant P. Taylor, Treas. Harry G. Wilks, Assistant Treas.
Abner L. Slocum, Clerk G. Harry Draper, Clerk
Gertrude B. Hummel, Clerk Anna R. Hummel, Clerk
Hazel S. Bailey, Clerk

Standing Committee:—Wm. H. Hammett, Wm. P. Carr, Wm. A. Sherman, Bradford Norman, Anthony Stewart
Auditing Committee:—Wm. P. Buffum, Wm. W. Covell
Wm. P. Carr, Secretary.

NEVER STOP TRYING

The successful person never stops trying—that is why he makes such steady progress.

Determine to save more money this year—open an account with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods
Are Pure
Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORM
News of General Interest
From the Six States

A piece of cake, eaten at the noon-day meal, is called officially the cause of the death of George H. Hall, 48, of Attleboro, Mass.

Leslie S. Foster, 39, of Richmond, Me., died as the result of a hemorrhage caused by a pitchfork which struck his face when accidentally dropped from a haymow.

The Congregational Church of West Taunton, Mass., celebrated its 250 anniversary on Aug. 21. The church is the second oldest on the island, its elder sister being the First Congregational Church at Edgartown.

The Beverly, Mass., board of aldermen voted to name the new high school building, now under construction, which will cost \$1,850,000, the Warren G. Harding school. It is the first school in the country to be named after the late President.

Rev. Fraser Metzger, for 21 years pastor of the Congregational Church at Randolph, Vt., has given his resignation to his congregation. He will go to Penn State College as chaplain. Mr. Metzger was Progressive candidate for Governor of Vermont in 1912.

For the seventh time in four months Fred Gilbeault, 23, of Worcester, Mass., was arraigned in Central District Court on a charge of larceny. He was fined \$15 after he had pleaded guilty to a charge of stealing milk from the doorstep of a neighbor.

On the grounds that two jurors gave opinions as to a probable verdict for Dorrit Van Dusen Woodhouse in her million-dollar suit against her parents-in-law, Lorenzo E. and Mary Kennedy Woodhouse, the latter have brought a petition in Chancery County Vt. court for a new trial. The original verdict in the case was \$465,000 for young Mrs. Woodhouse, who claimed her husband's parents had lured him from her, and later had him returned to \$125,000 by Judge Sherman H. Houston.

Leaving 79 grandchildren, 57 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren, Louis Leveille, 101 years of age, died at the home of one of his daughters in Palmer, Mass. He was the oldest man in the village, but despite his years had been bright and spry until recently. Until his last illness he had made it a point to shave himself with an old-fashioned razor every day.

The "mastering in" of William A. Sturdy into William A. Streeter post, G. A. R., was made the occasion of an informal reception and dinner in Grand Army hall, Attleboro, Mass. Mr. Sturdy is 83, formerly a manufacturing jeweler in Norton and author of many books. He has lived in Florida the last 20 years. He is the third "recruit" of Streeter post within a year.

While the attendance mark at the Harvard summer school had not exceeded the record mark of last season, the enrollment from Massachusetts is believed to be the largest ever made at the institution. The Bay state has 1094 students enrolled. The total registration is 2292 against last year's number of 2390. The other New England states combined have sent only eight more students than Massachusetts this term.

COSTS MORE TO LIVE

Food, Clothing and Especially Rents
Go Up 61 per Cent.

New York.—The cost of living in the United States on July 15, 1923, was 61.9 per cent higher than in July, 1914, according to an investigation by the National Industrial Conference Board. Between June 15 and July 15, 1923, there was an increase of 18 points, or 1.1 per cent. This was brought about by continued advances in the cost of food and further increases in rents, a statement said.

TYPHOON'S DEATH TOLL

Harbor and City of Hongkong Are
Lashed by Severe Storm.

Hongkong.—More than 100 persons were drowned, about 100 more were killed and injured ashore, and about 20 junks and sampans were captured at Macao during the typhoon which hit Hongkong so disastrously. The United States Shipping Board, freighter Leda, from San Francisco, is ashore off North Point, a victim of the typhoon. How badly she is injured is not known.

GLORY OF PAST SEEN IN RUINS

Remains of Structures Erected
by Aztecs Surrounded by
Latest Type Office Plants.

Mexico City.—Stone ruins and piles which once were great temples and buildings of the Aztecs, churches of weather-beaten stone and medieval aspect, erected in the time of the Spanish conquerors, palaces reminiscent of old Spain, houses constructed in the quaint and picturesque Mexican style, modern office buildings, stand together, crazy-quilt fashion, in the City of Mexico.

There is the pyramid of Santa Teresa, situated almost in the heart of the city. Busy throngs hurry by every day, few aware of the fact that it once constituted a worthy architectural landmark in the ancient Tenochtitlan, the wonder city of the Aztecs. Morally a corner of the base remains, surrounded by dust-covered ruins of the staircase and paved walks leading to the temple. The exact use is unknown, although it was probably erected by the Aztecs shortly prior to the Spanish conquest.

Ancient Spanish Cathedral.
A scant two blocks away stands the cathedral, built during the regime of the Spanish viceroys and adorned with the wealth of the conquered race to such an extent that it is probably the richest church on the North American continent. Now, however, it looks upon the busy main plaza of the city.

To complete the picture the Mutual, one of Mexico's largest office buildings, rises itself above the marks of antiquity and distant day.

Mexico may well dispute with Egypt the title of "the land of ruins," for no fewer than 800 cities, great and small, have been uncovered within the territory of the republic. Here are found the crude remains of a people emerging into the first stages of culture at the same time as the ancient inhabitants of Egypt and Mesopotamia, and it was here that the native American race achieved its highest degree of development, founding states and cities which now are but memories, but whose remains still stand forth to proclaim the greatness of their builders.

It has been proved that culture in America had its beginnings in the fertile valley of Anahuac. Who these people were and whence they came seem destined to remain a mystery. It seems to indicate that the native American races began their migrations to this continent during the Neolithic period.

Pyramid of Cuicuilco.

The principal structural relic of the first inhabitants of the Valley of Mexico is the pyramid of Cuicuilco, recently unearthed by Dr. Byron Cummings of the University of Arizona, and which stands as the oldest architectural monument in the New World. The pyramid has been preserved to future generations in the same manner as the ruins of Pompeii, as a layer of lava from the neighboring volcano of Xitl completely coated the edifice. The volcanic eruption has been estimated by geologists as taking place some seven thousand years ago.

The builders of this curious monument evidently were in the initial stages of human culture, judging from the materials used in the construction of the pyramid and the crude pottery and implements found in the immediate vicinity. About the year 400 B. C. the Valley of Anahuac was occupied by the Teotihuacanos, or Toltecs, to be followed shortly afterward by the Mayas in Yucatan.

Although little is known of the history of the Toltecs, the numerous remains show them to have been a people of a comparatively high state of culture. Their principal home was situated in the Valley of Teotihuacan, close to the present City of Mexico, and it was here that the greatest number of ruins were found.

The Valley of Teotihuacan formerly was more fertile, and in the time of the Toltecs probably supported a population of 100,000 or more, or ten times as many as the present number of inhabitants of the valley. Excavations at Teotihuacan show that the principal portion of the city was six kilometers in length and three kilometers in width, and, including the outlying districts, the city must have been one of great size.

Edifice Dedicated to Sun.

Probably the largest building in the city was the Pyramid of the Sun, measuring 64 meters in height and 216 meters on each side. Close by is the Pyramid of the Moon, which is surrounded by a more complicated series of edifices. The Temple of Tlaloc, god of rain, consists of a series of apartments, the top one being especially important as containing an altar and two cavities which probably were used in some ritual ceremony.

Probably the most interesting structure so far discovered in the ancient city is the Temple of Quetzalcoatl. It consists of a spacious quadrangular plaza formed by platforms measuring 400 meters on each side and raised several meters above the ground. On each one of these three platforms are four structures, with the exception of the platform to the east, which has only three buildings.

During the greatest prosperity of the ancient city of Teotihuacan it was said to be the first metropolis of North America. Among the objects which have been found in the ruins are shells from the Gulf of California, Maya relics from Yucatan and Central America and different articles of the Zapotecas and Totonacas from Oaxaca, Vera Cruz and other regions.

A death blow was dealt to the power of the Toltecs almost a thousand years ago by the invading Nahuas from the north, and the fertile Valley of Teotihuacan fell under the power of the State of Texcoco. Today the valley

contains but 8,000 inhabitants, most of whom are Indian peasants who lead a hand-to-mouth existence. Itinerary is the rule rather than the exception, and there is not a doctor in the entire region, the people being addicted to magic and witchcraft.

Maya Civilization.

In the meantime, however, far to the south a civilization had sprung up among the Maya peoples, whose shattered works are considered the greatest archaeological ruins in Mexico, Chichen-Itza, Uxmal, Palenque and Mitla, besides a multitude of smaller places, now are well known in archaeological circles and have excited world-wide interest and attention.

Chichen-Itza is said to have been founded in the year 900 A. D., although it did not reach the height of its prosperity until hundreds of years later. During its golden age it was a populous city covering an area of 100 square miles, the seat of a lucrative commerce and a flourishing state. In 1222, however, the army of King Utlil was defeated by the Nahuas, and the city rapidly fell into decadence and probably was totally deserted shortly afterward.

The ruins of Uxmal are also in Yucatan, close to the border of the State of Campeche. Although of great size, little is known of the history of the city, and while the ruins are on the general order of Maya architecture they are not of striking importance.

Palenque, in Chiapas, probably contains the most beautiful relics to be found on the continent. Judging from the large number of temples, the city probably never attained political importance, but was considered the religious center of the region.

The ruins of Mitla are in the State of Oaxaca and are believed to have been erected by the Mayas or some kindred race. Although first brought to light at a comparatively recent date, indications seem to point to remains of great importance.

Nahuas Warlike People.

Probably the greatest of the native races, however, was that which occupied the Valley of Mexico on the arrival of Cortez. The Nahuas began their invasions of Mexico about a thousand years ago and in a short time had conquered the north and central portions of the country. The invaders were a warlike people and had no difficulty in subduing the degenerate tribes then occupying the rich regions of the country.

The Aztecs were one of the smallest of the Nahuas tribes and arrived in Mexico from the north at a much later date than the other branches of the invaders. As all of the best lands then were occupied they were forced to dwell in the Valley of Mexico, then a swampy region of lakes under the dominion of the King of Tacuba. The newcomers, however, were quick to make use of the natural strength of their position and within a short time were able to overthrow the overlordship of Tacuba and extend their supremacy over a great part of the surrounding region. The two most powerful states in the valley at this time were Mexico and Texcoco, and instead of engaging in a war for supremacy they united in forming a confederation, in which the old kingdom of Tacuba also was admitted as an inferior member.

Envelope Must Remain Sealed for 50 Years

Greenville, Pa.—The Rev. C. A. Sunder, president of Thiel college, pulling open a drawer in his desk discovered a long white envelope on the upper right-hand corner of which was written "Commencement, 1923."

Thinking it was some communication that had been overlooked, he was about to open it when his attention was drawn to the words: "This envelope is entrusted to the president and trustees of Thiel college; must not be opened before commencement, Nineteen Hundred Seventy Three (A. D. 1973)."

In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was typed, "Congratulations of His Excellency, Dr. Fritz Holm, 14 John street, New York."

Doctor Holm, lecturer, explorer, scientist and traveler, is gone from here. The college authorities intend to abide by his written instructions. What it is no one knows. It might be a bequest. It might be some historic document secured by Doctor Holm on one of his many expeditions. It might be a forecast of what Thiel will be in 1973. Meanwhile, there is much speculation.

Doctor Holm was the commencement orator.

Boy Sings Jazz Tune as Surgeons Operate

Singing "The Livery Stable Blues" in company with the music played on a phonograph placed near the operating table, a sixteen-year-old boy underwent a serious operation in a Chicago hospital. None but a local anesthetic was used.

"The boy has had other operations and hated anesthetics," one of the surgeons said. "We tried music to keep his mind occupied. It was highly successful."

Used to It.

His automobile had balked, as automobiles will, and even if he was Robert Lee Morrell, chairman of the Automobile association, he couldn't persuade it to go. Fruitlessly he labored with oilcan and monkey wrench, until he was hot, dirty and disgusted, and only the presence of a crowd of children prevented him from expressing himself as the situation demanded. But at last he must speak or explode. Near him was a sweet little maiden with golden hair and deep blue eyes.

"Run away, little girl," he said. "There are a few things I would like to say."

"No right ahead," said the child; "my pa has an auto, too."—Exchange.

Drunken Man Divides Roll With All Corners

With his pockets bulging with bills of small denominations, Andrew Swanson of Worcester, Mass., stopped at a street corner and passed out cash to all who passed by. A policeman was one of the passersby, and Swanson was arrested for being intoxicated.

At police headquarters the man's pockets yielded \$1,271 and bank books representing as much more.

Russian Prince, "Broke," in U. S. to Find Job

New York.—Yakovlev Oshkovich, who was a prince in the old days in Russia, but whose pockets contained not a single dollar, has been admitted to the United States after passing a day and a night in the detention rooms at Ellis Island, where his identity was unknown.

Prince Valentin arrived in the steerage of a steamship as one of the thousands who tried to get under the wire before the new immigration quota was exhausted. When the inspectors came to him he said he was broke, but that he hoped to raise a little money from friends and distant relatives in this city.

Representatives of the Russian Relief association and the Young Men's Christian association learned of Prince Valentin's plight and hurried to get him off the island. He said his father was George Houtovitch, once wealthy land owner and member of the Russian aristocracy. He said he was exiled from Russia because he was a lieutenant in the armies of Denikin and Wrangle.

"I am here to get work," he said. "I don't care how low down the job is, either. And I'm not intending to ask favors. I simply want to go to work."

Says Clocks Run Same During Day and Night



In the course of an astronomical observation of the naval observatory at Washington, says that after many years of experimenting he has found no difference in the running of clocks during night or day. A discussion of this subject arose among astronomers recently when Dr. R. H. Tucker of the Lick observatory stated that clocks run faster at night than during the daytime. The picture shows Professor Hammond with a six-inch transit circle with which he tells the accuracy of time. All the clocks themselves at the observatory are kept underground in order that they may run at one temperature at all times.

Reports Chinese Opium Traffic Again Active

London.—China is producing hundreds of tons of opium, says Sir John Jordan, British minister in Peking, and it looks as though she were going back to the old, bad state of affairs before the suppression of opium by agreement with India was brought about.

India, the British minister adds, used to export about 100,000 chests of opium a year, mostly to China; now her exports are only 8,000 chests, almost exclusively to the East Indies. She is prepared to reduce this if there is a reduced consumption.

He says India is loyally and scrupulously observing every provision of the Hague convention. Turkey and Persia, he adds, must be brought within the Hague convention, or the attempt to control the supply of raw opium must inevitably fail. Similarly it is essential that Switzerland join the convention, since that country is one of the most important centers in the world of the drug traffic.

"If," Sir John declared, "the Hague convention is honestly and efficiently enforced today, the opium problem will be solved tomorrow."

Boy, Seven, Saves Sister.

Orlando, Fla.—Frank Eaton, seven years old saved his two-year-old sister from their home, which was on fire. The parents, who were away at the time, arrived in time to witness the rescue. Entrance would have been impossible when they reached the house.

Indian Dances at 107.

Barcelon, reported to be one hundred and seven years old, the oldest Indian of the Osage tribe, lives in Grayhorse, Okla. Although he is unusually stooped and always walks with a cane, he enjoys the best of health and participates in all Indian events, even the dances. He carries on the customs of the Osage tribe by wearing blankets and moccasins. He rides a horse and seldom rides in a car.—Daily Oklahoman.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NOW LITTLE USED

But Once the Term "To Gyp" Was Common.

Had Its Origin in a Particular Form of Swindling Which Auto Largely Did Away With.

Stopping at an iron gate beyond which a crowd of lusty schoolboys were playing, I heard the cry: "He crooked my marbles." Sympathizers gathered around in sympathy when I heard snatches of graphic exclamation. "Swiped 'em," said one.

"Who gyped him?" inquired another.

Gyped, crooked, swiped, took the place of the milder terms stole, seized or took.

Listening another day, I found that "gyped" was a word frequently employed by the boys, writes "Glad" in the Philadelphia Inquirer. I fancy not one of them had a notion of how it came to have such a meaning as they put into it.

Some years ago "gyped" was common enough. That was when a particular form of swindling on the part of horse dealers was branded with that word.

Pulling off a sawhorse for a good stood was deemed parallel to the tricks in horse-trading, so common to gypsies, hence the term "gyp" to denote that kind of a fraud.

Since the auto has largely replaced the trotter and pacer for driving purposes, the gyp game is not played so frequently now.

It was once piled systematically by means of extensive advertising. Many a "run in circle" lured first by a convincing advertisement and then conked down by a slick come-on artist, paid a fancy price for what appeared to him to be a first-class horse, only to discover next day he had bought a lemon.

There was a regular medical treatment of horses to make them appear spry and spirited while under inspection. When the drug wore off and the poor horse was recovering from his jag, he would likelier than not appear a sorry animal.

Gyp operators were as skillful in buying the precise kind of horses they needed as in selling them. They usually looked for handsome animals whose defects were vital and incurable, but not noticeable.

That meant a low price they paid the owner. A powerful drug would put enough pep into such a horse to fool the victim selected by the gyp operator. The workhorse you see in Philadelphia today is a better animal than was his predecessor two decades ago.

But the Philadelphia horse is not in a class with the London horse, the Berlin horse or the Budapest horse.

Stop at a farm going through Hungary and you will be amazed at the superb horses.

"The brewer's big horses," which Jilly Sunday sang could not run over him, were unusually fine specimens. One coal company has also attracted much attention with its teams of five or six great white horses hitched to one wagon.

A high city official said to me: "Our garbage horses are a better type than you ever saw before doing that kind of work in this city," and I agreed with him.

This is about the season of the year when in those gala times of four-hand catches the city had an eye feast on superb horseflesh.

And mindfully in her car, however good it may be, looks less smart than when she stepped from her carriage drawn by a pair of light-stepping hackneys, who seemed ever trying to hit their noses with their knees.

Jingling chains, burnished harness, matty coachman and footman in attendance, spotless vehicle—"them was the days."

Irish Armies Invaded Britain.

Centuries ago, Irish armies invaded Britain and won victories there. Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his "Literary History of Ireland," says: "In 378 A. M. Marcellinus mentions the Irish under the name of Scots, saying that the Scotti and Attacotti commit dreadful depredations in Britain; and Claudian, a few years later, speaks of the Irish invasion of Britain. The Irish expeditions against Gaul and Britain became more frequent toward the end of the Fourth century, and at last the unfortunate Britons, driven to despair, sooner than stand the fury of the Irish and Picts, threw themselves into the arms of the Saxons. Niall of the Nine Hostages ascended the throne in 379. He first assisted the Dal Riada clans to gain supremacy over the Picts of Scotland. He mercilessly plundered Britain and Gaul. The Picts and Irish Gaels at one time penetrated as far as London and Kent."

O'Clery's "Book of Invasions" contains a poem descriptive of treasures brought home by Crimthann, who plundered Britain in the first year of Christ.

Upsetting the Game.

My husband was expecting a subpoena to be served and wishing to avoid being called had told me to refuse the subpoena by telling them he was out of town, which I did.

At the time he was sleeping upstairs, so I considered it safe. While I was talking to the officer my five-year-old daughter came into the room and called, "Mother, papa sent me downstairs for a clean collar." There was nothing to say, so I said it.—Exchange.

More German Motorcars.

Berlin.—The use of motor vehicles in Germany is rapidly increasing. At the end of 1922 there were in use 97,941 motorcycles, against 25,271 a year before; 82,535 private automobiles, against 39,457, and 43,457 motor lorries, against 30,267.

FRIEND BETTER THAN ENEMY

Fact That Man Who Would Make Way Up the Ladder of Success Should Remember.

The ideal is very often at sharp variance with the actual. In other words, "what ought to be" is kept out of its place by "what is." Merit ought to be the sole test for promotion. In practice, however, merit plus influence is what pushes a man or woman up the ladder of success, says a writer for London Answers.

Certainly sorts of "influence" must, of course, be condemned; but there is nothing wrong in cultivating and—at the proper moment—calling on a right "influence" to be exerted. This is really but an additional testimonial, personally presented on your behalf. And it rarely fails! Where merit, genius "influence" goes unrewarded, or has to wait, merit plus influence gets its reward, and quickly.

How can you command "influence"? Not by fawning yourself into favor! Some do it, but it is lowering, and deteriorates character. The secret is to impress your personality on those who have influence. Some men who have merit and efficiency have no personality. They don't impress; they are somewhat dull.

Without being disagreeable, they cannot impress others as being bright, audacious, agreeable, charming. They tread the beaten path, and don't go out of their way to show that they have a personality. They would take an opportunity that came to them; but they do not see that to command influence they must make opportunities to cultivate it, so that ultimately it can be used to help them.

Cynics would say that there is little or no gratitude in the world. They are wrong. There is much! Do good, and gratitude is not always ended with a "thank you." The payment is made by "influence" later on.

That holds the moral that one should never make an enemy, but should cultivate friendships.

Your friend X. may have no influence himself, but his friend Y. has a friend Z. The latter has "influence," and to oblige Y., who wishes to oblige X., who wishes to help you, that influence is yours. The word in season is spoken, and up you go!

The first is to develop your personality, so that you stand out distinctly from the crowd; the second is to cultivate friendships. Thus you influence others, and they will use their "influence" for you.

You may have to ask for it, but, is that to be condemned? You are but asking that your merit should have its due reward.

Moving Day in Northern Virginia.

Among the volunteers who fought in the first battle of Bull Run was John A. Logan, then a member of congress from Illinois and later a major general and a senator from Illinois. As soon as General Logan saw that there was going to be some actual fighting near Washington he left the capital, got hold of a musket and walked all the way to Bull Run. There he joined Colonel Richardson's regiment and though he was in ordinary dress stood his ground as valiantly as anyone—and longer than most. In the end, however, there was nothing for him to do except to join the retreat. He found himself back in Washington the next morning.

Going up to the capital, he was soon surrounded by a group of friends of congressmen to whom he was describing incidents of the battle and of the rout.

"Who told you about all this?" asked one congressman who had come up too late to hear the beginning of Logan's story.

"Why, I was there myself," was the reply.

"You were there?" exclaimed the congressman. "Why, were the cars running out that way?"

"No," said Logan with a grim smile. "The cars were not running, but everything else in my vicinity was."—Youth's Companion.

Old Southern Hospitality.

In 1852 my father left Bavaria for America. "Go south," was the recommendation. Acting on this suggestion, he went to Oglethorpe, Ga. Through acquaintances he made a connection with two brothers, Kaufman, who piled the peddlers' trade. They owned a peddlers' wagon, with which they dispensed through the several counties of the state an assortment of dry goods and what were known as Yankee notions.

It was not like the peddling of today. Because of slavery there were on the large plantations often more colored people than there were whites living in the nearby villages. The itinerant merchant, therefore, filled a real want, and his vocation was looked upon as quite dignified. Provided only, therefore, that the peddler proved himself an honorable, upright man who conscientiously treated his customers with fairness and made no misrepresentations regarding his wares, he was treated as an honored guest by the plantation owners—certainly a spirit of true democracy.—Oscar S. Straus, in the Outlook.

Ancient Manuscripts.

The oldest manuscript written on cotton paper in England is in the British museum and bears the date of 1040. The most ancient manuscript on the same material in the Library of Paris is dated 1050. In 1055 A. D. the Christian successors of the Spanish Saracens made paper of rags instead of raw cotton, which is recognized by its yellowness and brittleness.

Ended That Love Affair.

I was thirteen and he was fifteen. He took me to a social one night and we played games and had a good time till it came time for refreshments. Then he brought himself ice cream and cake and set down near his mother to eat it. He left me standing without refreshment. Believe me, that ended my love affair with him.—Exchange.

HAD A NIGHT OF TROUBLE

Story Told in Chicago Newspaper Will Be Declared a Libel by the Loyal Scot.

A Scottish laird and his servant, Sandy, were on their way home on horseback late at night. Both had been partaking liberally of a spirit which enjoys a certain measure of popularity in their country. At a ford, where the bank was steep the laird fell head-first into the creek. He scrambled up and shouted to his servant:

"Hold on, Sandy! Something fell off—I heard it splash!"

Sandy climbed down from the saddle and waded about blindly in the shallow water. At last he seized on the laird.

"Why, it's yourself, mon!"

"No, Sandy," the master declared, "it can't be me—here I am! Then he added: 'But if it is me get me back on the horse!'"

Sandy helped the laird to the horse and hoisted him up. In the dark the rider was faced the wrong way round. "Give me the reins," the master ordered.

Sandy felt about the horse's rump, and then cried out, clutching the tail: "It wags the horse's head as fell off—bouldin's left but the meat!"

"Glad to be the name, then," the laird directed, stolidly.

So presently, when he had the tail grasped firmly in both hands and Sandy had mounted, the procession began to move. Whereat the laird shouted in dismay: "Haul on, Sandy! It's gied! the wrong way!"—Chicago Daily News.

LACK THE "WILL TO LIVE"

Cree Tribes of Canadian Indians Will Soon Have Disappeared From the Earth.

The Cree Indians are wards of the Canadian government. When Canada took their country she became responsible for their future. In particular, she pays each one yearly \$6 in cash and, in the words of the treaty, this will be paid "while the sun shines and water flows."

But they are dying out. They have "shot the will to live." In a certain district within recent times there were 80,000 Indians. Today there are 3,000. They drink tea to excess. They smoke tobacco to excess. The women and the little children smoke. Some are intemperate. And they keep dying.

They are honest and good natured, but their moral fiber has weakened. They loaf and slouch around the posts and have the mentality of emotional children and their delicate, weathered faces will soon be but a memory, writes a Hudson Bay correspondent of the London Times.

Just Like Uncle.

Big sister's beau was a college athlete. And because her seven-year-old brother admired ball players so much, she permitted him to come into the library and chat with the beau a while. Like two pals they talked together about football and basketball. "If you expect to grow up and make a basketball player," the athlete winked at sister as he said it, "you will have to learn to chew tobacco. All athletes chew tobacco."

"Do you?" little brother asked. The beau nodded. Then little brother turned to sister. "You better lay off him right now," he warned, "cause it made you sick when you had to kiss Uncle Bob when he was here because he chewed tobacco. I'll run and tell dad he needn't worry over you ever marrying this fellow."

And just then little brother was bunched from the room.

How Spiders Make Sounds.

Recent observations have shown that many species of the gigantic spider, generally known as the mygal, are provided with stridulating or noise-making organs with which squeaking sounds can be produced. It is said that there is not a particle of evidence that these spiders, which have occasionally been known to destroy small reptiles, mammals and birds, possess the sense of hearing. Yet they can emit sounds and the inference is that the purpose of these noises is similar to that of the rattlesnake's rattle—they are emitted when the spider is on the defensive, and under the excitement of fear or anger.

How Motor Worked Under Water.

A remarkable performance of an electric motor is reported. The motor was doing service in a mine geared to a pump, and because of the high temperature prevailing at the spot the motor was not inclosed, as they often are. During the winter the mine was flooded, submerging the pump and the motor to a depth of two feet. As it was necessary to continue the operation of the pump, the motor was not shut down, and for two hours it ran without interruption, though being completely submerged, until it had actually pumped itself clear of water.—Washington Star.

How Do You Say It?

The success or failure of a good many men has been determined by the way they said "ouch" when adversity hit them a back on the head.—Xeno W. Putnam.

Privilege Is Friendship.

If ever a man is to be a real anything, the sense of privilege will be the sign. A physician to whom doctoring is not a privilege is no real physician. A teacher to whom teaching is not a privilege is no real teacher. A friend to whom friendship is not a privilege is no real friend.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Why Bluebirds Are Welcome.

Bluebirds are a good omen when they build near your home, for they will not build where there is strife. According to the old English saying, a young married couple may look forward to happy married life if a pair of bluebirds sets up housekeeping with them.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
392 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

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HOW

HEART WEAKNESS CAN BE FORETOLD BY THE X-RAY

How the X-ray may be used to detect heart weakness, not apparent by other methods of examination, even before the patient has a complaint, is told in a report by Dr. Harry Spiro, cardiovascular specialist, to the Radiological Society of North America.

Heart weakness can be discovered, he explained, by simply comparing the two sides of the beating heart as seen under the fluoroscope. The left side of the heart is normally the stronger pump; the muscles of the right side do not normally contract vigorously. If the left side resembles the right side in the size of its pulsatory waves, he said, it can then be said that the two sides are equal in strength, and that, therefore, the left ventricle is not as strong as it should be normally.

Doctor Spiro declared that this method of diagnosing the quality of heart muscle before trouble sets in has important possibilities.

WHEN IT HAS HAD ITS DAY

How Money That Is No Longer of Use Is Destroyed by the Government.

Every day three rumbles out of the treasury, under heavy guard, a wagonload, or more, of money gone wrong. Over the smooth roadway past the monument it rolls at 18 miles an hour, up the gentle incline, around the sharp turn to the left and into the great white building where the green lights shine at night on Uncle Sam's new-made money and stamps.

That brief ride is its last. For our money gone wrong is on its way to destruction, says William Pickett Helm in the Washington Star. Big bills, little bills, bills of every kind of issue of every denomination, all find their way at last to the graveyard.

Most of it is dirty money, greasy and grimy and without trace of the crisp crackle of its youth. All of it is worn-out money. What a fate each bill could tell! Some of it has sped quickly from one spendthrift's hands into another's, gayly, carelessly, without a thought of tomorrow; some of it has known the depths of the saving sock; some of it has milled through the years spent underground.

All of it has reached the stage where it must be withdrawn from circulation. The bills have served their purpose. They are destroyed and others issued to take their places.

CAN READ BY THEIR LIGHT

How Species of Costa Rican Beetle Furnishes Remarkable Illumination, According to Traveler.

Beetles which emit almost continuously a light so brilliant that one or two imprisoned within an inverted tumbler will illuminate a moderately sized room sufficiently to make print readable are among the wonders found in the Costa Rican wilds by Robert Ridgway, ornithologist of the United States National Museum, and included in an account of his explorations just published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The display sometimes made by thousands of our "lightning bugs" or fireflies over damp meadows on a warm summer night, he says, is only a feeble imitation of the splendid pyrotechnic display made by thousands of these large Costa Rican beetles, called carbuncles, pronounced "carbuncles." The light of the carbuncle is not intermittent like that of our fireflies, but is nearly continuous and differs in color in different individuals. The lights are most often yellow, but sometimes green or occasionally ruby red.

Diakka an Evil Spirit

Diakka is a very evil and powerful spirit corresponding in some respects with the Jin. In Mohammedan mythology the Jin are good and bad spirits who assume the form of animals, giants, etc. In this same mythology there are also the Jannas, or demons of the lowest order. On old Persian tales they are referred to as the Afrit, but Longfellow, in his "Golden Milestone" (stanza 2), refers to them as belonging to Arabian story.—Literary Digest.

Friendly Philanthropy

Nature punishes neglect and pays no favorites. The neglected field becomes an unsightly mass of tangled briars and rank weeds; the undrained swamp a stagnant cesspool—repulsive breeding place of varied flies and poisonous growths; the human brain an unclean generator of falsity and soul-destroying habits unless directed into channels of reason and truth. Neglect is indeed costly.—J. E. F.

Avoid Watermelon Loss in Transit

Stem-End Rot Fungus That Brings About Decay Still Is Important Factor.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Watermelon growers should give serious consideration to their responsibilities in connection with prevention of losses in transit, advises the United States Department of Agriculture. Examination of carloads at destination has shown that, provided shipments are properly loaded in clean, well-ventilated cars, and delivered within a reasonable length of time, any losses experienced usually result from the shipping of:

- (1) Melons affected with bad anthracnose peck marks.
- (2) Severely sunscalded or stale fruit.
- (3) Melons that carry cuts and bruises as a result of careless handling, or
- (4) Melons, the stems of which have not been recut and treated for prevention of stem-end rot.

Rot Coming Under Control

The stem-end rot fungus, which not only causes stem-end rot, but also brings about decay following bruises and cuts in the rind, has been a source of heavy loss in the past, and is still a factor of great importance. In 1919 a campaign of education concerning methods of control for this disease was initiated in the Southeastern states, the United States Department of Agriculture and the state extension services co-operating. As a result of the interest taken in this work by farmers, distributors, and railroads, stem-end rot is coming under control. This conclusion is borne out by records from the food products inspection service, which indicate that in Georgia shipments losses from stem-end rot have been cut from 14.4 per cent in 1920 to 3.3 per cent in 1921, and 3.2 per cent in 1922; and in Florida shipments from 16.6 per cent in 1920 to 10.1 per cent in 1921 and 5.3 per cent in 1922.

Timely Suggestions

In order that stem-end rot and losses in transit due to other causes may be reduced, farmers should make every effort to carry out the following suggestions at harvest season:

- (1) If possible avoid working while the vines are wet.
- (2) Never permit labor to handle rotten melons in the field and then work with fruit for shipment.
- (3) Never permit clipper to handle or to touch knife to rotten melons in the field.
- (4) Never permit clipper to cut into melons while pushing knife through the stem.
- (5) Never permit clipper to stand melons on end to mark them in the field.
- (6) Insist on careful handling by the tele boys and wagon men.
- (7) Pad wagons thoroughly in order to avoid nail or splinter punctures, cuts, and bruises.
- (8) Load on the day melons are clipped, in clean, dry car, the walls of which have been papered. Use dry straw for bedding. If possible, pad ends of car, although not in such a way as to obstruct ventilators. These should be fastened open.
- (9) Handle carefully when unloading melons from wagons and packing. Do not allow labor to stand or sit on melons.
- (10) Reject melons that do not have a firm, green stem, or that show sunscald or bad anthracnose marking.
- (11) Apply stem treatment as described in Farmers' Bulletin 1277, recutting stems to firm green surface before applying the disinfectant.

Clear Moss From Fruit

Trees by Proper Spray

Moss can be quite readily cleared from the trees. The solution of strong bordeaux is one of the best sprays. The old formula of lime, sulphur and salt, where the same weight of salt is used in the spray as of lime and sulphur, namely 15 pounds to 50 gallons of the concentrated spray, is also very efficient in removing moss. But a substance which is very good to use is common lye. The lye can be used straight by dissolving in plain water, or it can be used in the lime sulphur spray. The rate to use is about one pound can of lye for every six or seven gallons of spray. It cleans off the moss quite readily, seems to soften the bark and gives it a clean, bright appearance.

Birds Are Not Numerous

Because of Insect Pests

The chief reason birds are not numerous and that insect pests consequently increase so rapidly is that suitable places are not provided for nesting with protection from vermin. Cleaning out fence rows and corners beautifies the premises but ruins the birds' homes. Building bird houses and putting them on poles will help to replace the natural homes. But better than this is to leave some small thickets at different spots over the farm.

Improper Feeding Cause

of Droopiness in Chickens

Droopy, dull chickens, with long wings and short bodies are the result of feeding too soon, overfeeding and allowing feed on the floor or ground to become spoiled, overbreeding, chilling, damp floors, and from the effects of lice and mites. If chicks are droopy, correct the cause.

Big "House-Cleaning" Job

One of the biggest cleaning jobs ever undertaken was the dusting and renovating of the British Museum library. Two hundred and fifty men were kept busy for 14 months. Redecorating the dome and walls of the great reading room took 250,000 leaves of beaten gold.

Flaxseed Production Will Show Increase

Prices Fluctuate to Disadvantage of the Growers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There is an increasing spread between the production of flaxseed in the United States and the demand for home consumption, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. Until 1903 this country produced, on an average, more than it consumed and therefore was able to export a surplus in nearly every year. Beginning with 1903, however, our production began to decline, while our requirements began to increase with population. Net imports consequently have increased. The reduction in consumption in 1917 and 1918 was due to war restrictions, and that in 1920 and 1921 to business depression. It is fairly certain that the figures for 1922, when available, will show an increase in consumption.

As the United States changed in position from an exporter to an importer of flaxseed, the farm price of flax increased materially. In 1907, when a surplus of over 4,000,000 bushels was exported, the farm price of flaxseed on December 1 averaged 90 cents a bushel. In 1908, when production and consumption were practically equal, the farm price of flaxseed was \$1.18 a bushel. In 1909, when 4,857,000 bushels were imported, the farm price rose to \$1.53 a bushel.

In many localities a comparatively small volume of flaxseed is marketed; and because the price fluctuates widely, flaxseed usually is bought on a wide margin, and the grower often does not receive the full value of his crop. This condition could be improved if several growers of flaxseed in such localities would combine their deliveries and thus market a carload or more at one time.

Farm Implements Should Be Placed Under Cover

The average farmer does not get full value out of the most of the farm implements that he buys for at least two reasons. One reason is that he has no place to house them, hence they weather—that is, they get wet and rust or decay. Having implements lay out in the weather a season is worse on them than one season's use.

In too many cases the writer has seen farm implements such as plows, cultivators, binders, and many other implements sitting in the field where last used, and many times, the shovels of cultivators are even left in the ground.

Before using these implements the next season the shovels of cultivators and the various bright parts of the implements have to be scoured with sand rock before using. This not only takes off a layer of metal but requires a great deal of time. If one will just think a moment he will know that the work of scouring the implements and getting them ready for use is much more work than to have cleaned and greased these bright metal parts with axle grease and painted the wood and other metal parts when through using the implements. By doing this the air and water is kept from the metal and wood, hence, the implements will fare well even if left out in the weather.—By W. H. McNetters, Extension Farm Engineer, Oklahoma A. and M. College.

Pea Aphis Will Attack Three Important Crops

The pea aphis is seriously infesting the entire cannerly pea section in Stanislaus county, Cal., and a lighter infestation extends over the Santa Clara valley, according to reports received by the United States Department of Agriculture. This insect is also doing considerable damage to alfalfa in the vicinity of Topeka, Kans. The Kansas infestation is over a region where the growing of garden peas is rather extensive. The association of alfalfa and peas is suggested as being favorable for the multiplication of this insect.

Infestations by this pea aphis were so serious on spinach in the Santa Clara valley, Cal., that seven canneries ceased canning this vegetable this spring. The damage was not so much the infestation of the aphis as the presence of such enormous numbers of the syrphid larvae which prey upon them from the spinach in the washing process.

Soy Bean Hay Good for Dairy Cows and Sheep

Soy beans answer the hay question very well, particularly for dairy cows and sheep. Yields of soy bean hay are generally from one to one-and-a-half tons of hay per acre, but the hay is of excellent quality and stands weathering better than most hays. The time to cut is when the leaves begin to turn yellow. The best hay varieties include the Peking, Wilson and Manchou, although the Manchou will produce nearly as much hay.

Fattening Steers Show Fixed Desire for Salt

Animals fed large quantities of rich nutritious food, such as fattening steers receive, show a strong desire for salt, and this craving should be reasonably satisfied. The form in which salt is supplied to steers is merely a matter of convenience. It is probably best to keep salt before the cattle at all times, though some secure excellent results when they give salt only once or twice a week.

Young Animals Fed on Bottle

Lion and tiger cubs are frequently reared on the bottle and later are fed on ground pigeon meat, says Nature Magazine. Baby elephants resist bread and milk. Some of the best camels now in American zoos have been raised on cow's milk given in a nursing bottle.

Plaits Very Much in Season's Mode

Decoration Regarded as Almost Necessary to Emphasize Style.

Everywhere one sees well-dressed women this season they are wearing plaits in some guise or other. Plaits are representative of the season's gowns. They are almost necessary to establish the tone of the well-dressed woman, declares a fashion writer in the New York Times.

There is an artistic encouragement, too, about this new fad for plaiting. The American woman has gone in largely for simplicity, but at least it seems that she has awakened to greater possibilities. She finds that she can be just as picturesque as the woman who reclined on the porch in the old days, not in the same way, but with equal charm.

Take her morning dresses, for instance. They are made of soft silks, in dark and inconspicuous colors, but with artistic and flowing lines. She now has a little plaited cape to throw over her shoulders for street wear and under that her gown has no sleeves at all. This cape can be worn with a street hat. It has no extra weight, no bulky quality about it, and it makes of her gown, no matter how informal that may be, a thing suitable for street, indoor or country wear.

Sometimes this plaited cape reaches the waistline only, sometimes it is of three-quarters length, and again it reaches to the heels. But in each instance it is light in weight and extremely graceful, so that whatever its expression or wherever it is worn, it becomes a part of the costume. The longer capes are likely to have fur collars and the shorter ones are provided, in many instances, with collars of their own material, either tucked or plaited. They are tied in front with informal bows of narrow ribbon and there is really nothing about them to suggest the formal. The long ones perhaps are a little more useful than those which are shorter, because they can be worn with evening as well as daytime dresses, and this, of course, is something not to be scoffed at. It is in the evening that a light cape is most necessary for comfort, no matter how it may be desired during the daytime hours for good looks alone.

In Generally Liked.

The plaited dress is popular with all. An interesting gown has a plaited apron in front and a plaited cape dropping from the shoulders. That is an excellent example of the partially plaited dress which has made such a hit this season. It can be plaited in other sections, for it can have plaited side panels, or plaited sleeves, or plaited front and back sections in perfect regularity. But if it is an accepted street or afternoon or evening dress for this season it will have some plaiting about it.

Plaitings do away with all necessity for extra bits of trimming because they are trimmings in themselves. The panels of plaits, though they are made of the same material as the gown, have a way of looking like so much trimming. There may be a bit of ribbon binding, or sash of tulle, but in the

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Plaited Cape of Short Proportions Is a Favorite With the Summer Girl Because It Can Be Worn With Various Costumes.

main the dress that is plaited in any one place has the plaiting alone to answer for its style.

The plaited skirts are all that is necessary to show the general prevalence of the style and the heartiness with which it has been accepted. They are an established feature of the season and just as smart as they can be. Any woman who has one may feel sure that she is walking in the best circles so far as fashions are concerned. And they are economical. They can be worn with so many and different sorts of overdresses and overblouses that one single skirt is capable of being multiplied into any number of various and beautiful gowns. The smart women know this and have adopted the plaited skirt with little or no reservation. They have decided that, for the present at least, they are the adherents of the plaited skirt because it does so much to place their dresses in the highest rank of smart styles.

Blouses are plaited in many and various ways. And they are the most delightful of all accessories to the wardrobe. They have burst into the forefront of fashion with no little zest and are filling a place that has long been vacated by them. Part of this is because

they have been designed by artists who know what it is.

Printed Silk Blouses. There are blouses of printed silks plaited over their entire surface. They are usually minus sleeves of any sort, but the width of the plaiting falls over the arms in the most graceful manner and manages to suggest a sleeve with-



Dress With Plaited Panels Done in Dark Blue Crepe de Chine. One of the Panels Makes an Apron and the Other a Cape.

out the least attempt at being formal.

Then there is the blouse which has a plaited plain panel in front and a printed silk underarm section that repeats the silk used in the making of the skirt. This is a clever adaptation of the vogue for plaits and one that will be accepted by any woman who has in mind the making over of a frock that may have seen better days.

Even coats are taking on the plaited vogue. They are showing hidden plaits and those that appear on the surface.

The coat for everyday, with plaited sleeves, has become quite a factor in style. It is as plain as can be so far as the body of the garment is concerned. When it comes to the sleeves, there is that fullness of plaited stuff which gives grace and charm and a flowing line. For instance, there is a coat made of light brown wool broadcloth. It is lined with orange crepe de chine. There are light brown chiffon sleeves, extraordinarily full, gathered into tight little cuffs which start in wide, square armholes, and at the cuffs there is a fold of the orange crepe peeping from underneath—this to tie the two materials together and to give the general color scheme an excuse for being.

Thin sleeves are particularly attractive for evening wraps, but they are to be found on street coats, as well, and there are evening capes that show plain surfaces with plaited chiffon linings to help them.

Plaited Hats Predominate

As for hats, they have more plaits than all of the dresses put together. They seem to have taken to the idea with enthusiasm, and women who have decided to wear hats with plaited trimmings, or hats made entirely of plaited stuffs, say that they have never been better satisfied. They find that plaiting, when applied to hats, are even more successful than with dresses, and that they give a certain style worthy of any style of dress.

There are plaited flares of taffeta silk applied as fans to the front of hats. They are also made of plaited silk with those old bows of the old materials. They are used for trimming the backs of short-brimmed hats, as much of the style of a hat this season is centered at the back. Some of the hats are more naive in the manner of their appearance. They are trimmed with plaited ruchings that run around the bases of the crowns in more or less thick masses. Sometimes they are made of silk, again of narrow ribbons, put on to here and again they are plaited chiffons and plaited malines or laces, which give to the hats that airiness of summer appearance which is much to be desired.

Some of the little tight cloche shapes have plaitings around the outer edges of their brims, and these, of course, are done in narrow widths, with every attention to plaiting them finely. These are particularly attractive when done in dark blue shades, or in black, or in one of the many tan or brown shades so popular this season.

The Difficulties of Simplicity

Do not forget that to furnish an elegant gown elegantly is one of the hardest matters in the whole wide world. But that to furnish a simple house artistically requires much good sense. If you succeed in doing this latter you have all the earmarks of genius and your world is a wide one though your home is narrow. Some people with plenty of money know this and refuse to live sumptuously.

Only One Blonde

Bobby came running home the other day in an excited fashion and breathlessly exclaimed to his mother: "There are four new kittens at Kenneth's house, mother—three brunettes, and the cutest little blonde!"

Romance

Even the most people and dutiful wife likes to believe she married her present husband over the neck of another man—London Opinion.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WHY Some Scholars Believe Earth Is Drying Up

Geographers assert that there is every evidence that the great desert belt that extends across Africa and Asia at or a little above the tropic of Cancer is growing larger and drier. The Syrian desert, which is now an utter waste, was crowded with cities and full of cultivated fields only two or three thousand years ago. Mesopotamia and Persia, ancient seats of civilization, could scarcely have risen so high if their climate then had been what it is now.

There are plenty of evidences that the Sahara and the Libyan desert have encroached on the fertile lands of north Africa and of the Sudan. The old "granary of Rome" in Tunisia is now largely an arid waste. It is not surprising if the Nile draws less water than it used to from its tributaries in the Sudan, and loses more than it used to by evaporation. Most geographers agree that the deserts are growing at present. Some believe that it is only an inevitable step in the drying up of the earth, and expect the process to go on forever, though perhaps with occasional remissions.

Other scholars say that there is evidence of an extraordinary amount of fluctuation in the climate of the world; that there have been much drier periods than ours, as well as much calmer ones; and that the widening of the northern desert band is only a phase in a long-time movement of climate from wet to dry and back again. But as these secular movements are extremely slow, often taking many thousands of years to complete their swing, none of us now living will be here long enough to know which theory is the right one.

TO MAKE COMPLETE CHANGE

Why the Post Office Department Is Revising Entire Stamp Series Is Explained to Public.

A complete change in the design of our stamps has just been announced by the United States postal service, the ninth in the history of the country. Denominations from one cent to twelve cents follow the time-honored custom of commemorating great figures in American history. The story of the nation is told in the nine designs and denominations from 14 cents to \$5.

The purpose of revising the entire stamp series was to produce designs which would have more distinctive color and clearer numerals. Numerous complaints concerning the old series of stamps were made to the Post Office department and it is known that serious losses and mistakes resulted from the lack of definition in certain of the former designs.

Traditional fate has waited upon the 12-cent stamp. This denomination will not appear in the new series. It was brought out during the war when the combined postage and registration fee was 13 cents. Two new denominations take the place of this engraving in the stamp constellation, the 14-cent stamp and the 25-cent stamp, which are useful in connection with parcel post.

Why Best Bananas Remain Home

The ordinary fruit-stand banana is grown chiefly in Jamaica, Costa Rica and other parts of tropical America. Some attempt has been made to grow them in California, Louisiana and in other states with warm climates, but this is more or less of an experiment, because the plant cannot endure the slightest frost. As a novelty, a few banana plants have borne fruit in colder climates, but under special protection.

It is interesting to note that the best and most tasty bananas are not known to most of us because they are too perishable to ship any distance. In the United States the bananas that are sold are a sort of banana about two inches thick. These are not exported, but are used for home consumption.—The Pathfinder.

Why Editors Went Armed

J. O. Muddiman has written the life of his ancestor, Henry Muddiman, who founded the London Gazette in 1665, says the Detroit News.

Muddiman's "News Letters" from 1667 to 1688, the manuscripts of which have been at Longleat, Wiltshire, since 1704, have been carefully examined. Mr. Muddiman compares the life of a journalist of those far-off days with that of the present.

"A remarkable contrast," he writes, "to a modern editor journeying to his daily work was presented by the bearded seventeenth century news writer, mounted on horseback and traveling to Whitehall or the 'Seven Stars' in the Strand, armed with a sword and a brace of pistols in his holster, because of the footpads at Knightsbridge."

Why Janitors Dislike Newly Married

All the world is popularly supposed to love a lover and it is a common belief that all the world has a kindly spot in his or her hearts for the newlyweds. There is, however, one class that does not look with eyes of favor on the newly married—the apartment house janitor.

"Them new tenants in 4x," said one disgustedly the other night, "are newlweds."

"Why the dislike?" asked a friend. "All newlweds are a nuisance," replied the janitor, biting off a large chew of tobacco. "They don't know how to run things. The first thing you know every fuse in the place is blown out."

Probably Had Felt Them

Elmer, a new boy in the block, has delicate features and is good looking enough for a girl. On mentioning to my nephew that Elmer's face looked like a girl's he replied: "Well, amine, he may have a girl's face, but he's got a boy's feet."—Chicago Tribune.

